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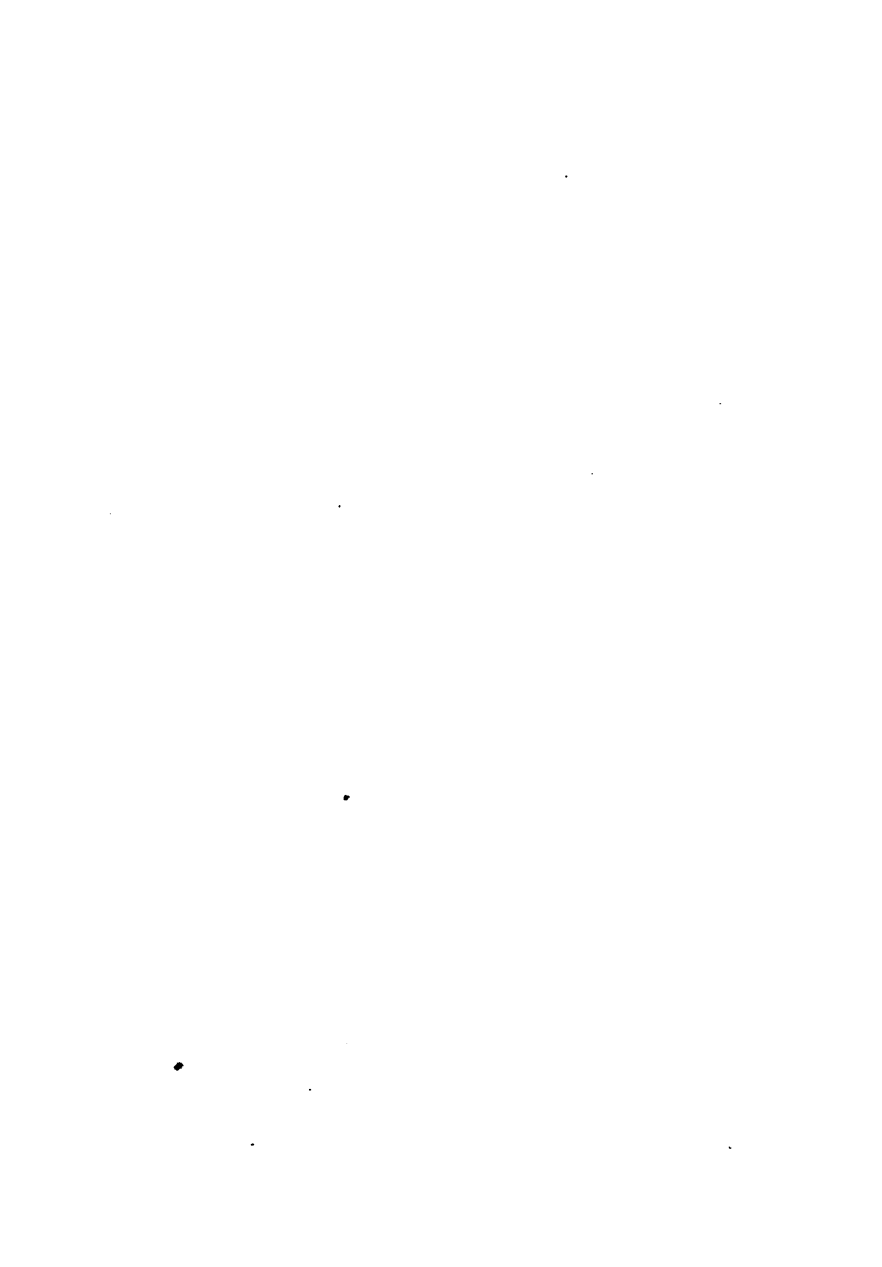
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# *Evangeline*









Presented to

Edna McGhee;

by

Mrs W. W. Russell

May 15, 1900



"Gabriel! be of good cheer!"

# EVANGELINE

A TRAGEDY.

HENRY WASHINGTON, Author.      CLOW

W. L. NOBLE

— ♦ —

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# EVANGELINE

A TALE OF ACADIE

BY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW  
/

WITH NOTES



NEW YORK: 46 EAST 14TH STREET  
THOMAS Y. CROWELL & COMPANY  
BOSTON: 100 PURCHASE STREET

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## HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

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HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW was born on the 27th of February, 1807, in Portland, Maine.

His father, Stephen Longfellow, a graduate of Harvard College, in the class with Dr. Channing, Judge Story, and other distinguished men, practised his profession of the law at the Cumberland Bar, where he soon won a prominent position. He also took an active part in politics, and was sent as a Representative to the Massachusetts Legislature, and after the separation represented his district in Congress. He married Zilpah Wadsworth, the only daughter of General Peleg Wadsworth, of a family which traced its ancestry back to John Alden and the Mullens.

Henry Wadsworth was named after his maternal uncle, a lieutenant in the navy, who perished in the fireship, *USS Mink*, before Tripoli, in 1804. He was second in a family of four sons and four daughters. Their father, says Longfellow, "was at once kind and strict, bringing up his children in habits of respect and obedience, of unflinching honesty, the dread of debt, and the faithful performance of duty. According to the same authority the mother was a lover of poetry and music, a lover of nature, cheerful in the trials of chronic invalidism, full of piety, kind to her neighbors, the devoted friend and *confidante* of



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They died in their glory, surrounded by fame,  
And Victory's loud trump their death did proclaim.  
They are dead ; but they live in each Patriot's breast,  
And their names are engraven on honor's bright crest.

Stiff, unmetrical, stilted, unoriginal as these lines were, they gave the boy and the sister who was alone in the secret, unalloyed satisfaction. But soon criticism came to turn joy to tears. Judge Mellen, a neighbor, happened, in the poet's hearing, to condemn them. He escaped from under the whip as speedily as possible, but was not discouraged. Other pieces from his pen appeared from time to time in the *Gazette*. He also wrote a poetic "Address" for the newspaper-carriers' annual presentation.

Before he was fifteen he successfully passed the Bowdoin College entrance examinations, but did not reside at Brunswick till the beginning of the sophomore year. When he and his brother went up together, they lodged in the village in the house where afterwards "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was written. The only ornament of their uncarpeted room was a set of card-racks painted by their sister. They complained of the difficulty of keeping themselves warm; and their mother wrote that she was afraid learning would not flourish or their ideas properly expand in a frosty atmosphere, and, she added, "I fear the Muses will not visit you."

In those days he was described as slight and erect in figure, with a light, delicate complexion like a maiden's, a slight bloom upon his cheeks, "his nose rather prominent, his eyes clear and blue, and his well-formed head covered with a profusion of brown hair waving loosely." The class to which he belonged had several memorable names, not the least distinguished of which was that of Hawthorne. Longfellow's rank. He was regu-

lar and studious in his habits, though he cared more about general reading than the special curriculum. It is interesting to find him at that early day taking the side of the Indians against the prejudices that have always followed "that reviled and persecuted race." He was greatly delighted with Gray's poems, and regarded Dr. Johnson's criticisms upon them as unjust. In the winter vacation of 1823, he had some thought of teaching a school, but was, on the whole, glad that he had failed to obtain one. His chief exercise was walking. When the snow was deep he cut wood, and he found it rather irksome. As a makeshift for either, he wrote his father, "I have marked out an image upon my closet-door about my own size; and whenever I feel the want of exercise I strip off my coat, and, considering this image as in a posture of defence, make my motions as though in actual combat. This is a very classick amusement, and I have already become quite skilful as a pugilist."

In February, 1824, he made his first visit to Boston, saw all the sights, except the Mill-dam, attended a ball at the house of the beautiful and talented Miss Emily Marshall, enjoyed the Shakespeare Jubilee, and found himself "much pleased with the city itself as well as with the inhabitants."

The most of his vacations, however, he spent at his Portland home. When the college course came to an end he found himself number four in his class. "How I came to get so high, is rather a mystery to me," he wrote, "inasmuch as I have never been a remarkably hard student, touching college studies, except during my Sophomore year, when I used to think that I was studying pretty hard." He chose for his commencement part an oration on the "Life and Writings of Chatterton," but his father



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thought that so few of his audience had ever heard of Chatterton he would better take a more popular subject. He accordingly took for his theme "Our Native Writers."

During all his stay at Brunswick he continued to write poetry. Two stanzas of a poem "To Ianthe" are considered by his brother Samuel as alone worthy of preservation from the work of his first year:

When upon the western cloud  
Hang day's fading roses,  
When the linnet sings aloud,  
And the twilight closes, —  
As I mark the moss-grown spring  
By the twisted holly,  
Pensive thoughts of thee shall bring  
Love's own melancholy.

Then when tranquil evening throws  
Twilight shades above thee,  
And when early morning glows,  
Think on those that love thee!  
For an interval of years  
We ere long must sever,  
But the hearts that love endears  
Shall be parted never.

These early poems, like much imitative verse, bore the impress of deep-settled melancholy. One of his correspondents wrote him that it was an enigma how one so cheerful and laughter-loving should write in such strains. In the fifteenth number of the *United States Gazette*, a fortnightly which had been started in April, 1824, edited by Theophilus Parsons, appeared a poem entitled "Thanksgiving," and signed "H. W. L." During the following year Longfellow contributed sixteen others, five of which were reprinted in "Voices of the Night." He also contributed to the *Gazette* three prose sketches, which showed

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the influence of Irving, as the poems showed that of ant. Several poems were also incorporated in them, one of these was afterwards reprinted with his name:

THE ANGLER'S SONG.

From the river's plashy bank,  
Where the sedge grows green and rank  
And the twisted woodbine springs,  
Upward speeds the morning lark  
To its silver cloud — and hark!  
On his way the woodman sings.

Where the embracing ivy holds  
Close the hoar elm in its folds,  
In the meadow's fenny land,  
And the winding river sweeps  
Thro' its shallows and still deeps,  
Silent with my rod I stand.

But when sultry suns are high,  
Underneath the oak I lie,  
As it shades the water's edge;  
And I mark my line away,  
In the wheeling eddy play  
Tangling with the river sedge.

When the eye of evening looks  
On green woods and winding brooks,  
And the wind sighs o'er the lea, —  
Woods and streams I leave you then,  
While the shadows in the glen  
Lengthen by the greenwood tree.

So far not a ray of originality, nor one of those graceful, if not always accurate, comparisons or metaphors which peculiarly mark Longfellow's fancy. The Yankee "woodman" is not a singing being, nor have we "larks" under New England skies. It is interesting to know that the *Gazette* then paid its contributors a dollar a column for prose, and got its poetry for nothing. The editor regarded

Longfellow's, however, as so full of promise — and any flower in the desert has a smiling aspect — that he proposed that the poet should receive some compensation for regular contributions. This, small as it was, seems to have been enough to excite Longfellow's ambition toward a literary career. He brought up objections against the profession of a physician — there were quite enough in the world without him! In another letter to his father he said, "I hardly think Nature designed me for the bar, or the pulpit, or the dissecting-room;" and again, "I cannot make a lawyer of any eminence, because I have not a talent for argument; I am not good enough for a minister; and as to Physic, I utterly and absolutely detest it."

Literature beckoned more enticingly: "The fact is, I most eagerly aspire after future eminence in literature; my whole soul burns most ardently for it, and every earthly thought centres in it. There may be something visionary in *this*, but I flatter myself that I have prudence enough to keep my enthusiasm from defeating its own object by too great haste. Surely, there never was a better opportunity offered for the exertion of literary talent in our own country than is now offered."

His wise father replied with words that are as applicable to-day as they were almost seventy years ago:

"A literary life, to one who has the means of support, must be very pleasant. But there is not wealth enough in this country to afford encouragement and patronage to merely literary men. And as you have not had the fortune (I will not say whether good or ill) to be born rich, you must adopt a profession which will afford you subsistence as well as reputation. I am happy to observe that my ambition has never been to accumulate wealth for my children, but to cultivate their minds in the best possible

manner, and to imbue them with correct moral, political, and religious principles,—believing that a person thus educated will, with proper diligence, be certain of attaining all the wealth which is necessary to happiness.”

His father, while believing that it would be best for him to adopt the profession of the law, readily acceded to his desire to spend a year at Cambridge in the pursuit of general literature, and particularly of the modern languages.

The Cambridge plan was suddenly supplanted by another, which led directly in the path of his ambition. The trustees of Bowdoin College, having already a foundation of a thousand dollars given by Madam Bowdoin, determined to establish a Professorship of Modern Languages. One of the Board is said to have been so much struck by Longfellow's translation of an ode of Horace, that he presented the poet's name for the new chair. It was informally proposed that he should visit Europe to fit himself for the position, which on his return would be awaiting him.

Until the suitable time for the voyage he desultorily read law in his father's office, and thus spent the fall and winter of 1825-6. During this period he wrote "The Burial of the Minnisink" and several other poems for the *Gazette* and the *Atlantic Souvenir*. The last poem published in the *Gazette* was a song:

Where from the eye of day,  
The dark and silent river  
Pursues thro' tangled woods a way,  
O'er which the tall trees quiver,

The silver mist that breaks  
From out that woodland cover,  
Betrays the hidden path it takes,  
And hangs the current over.

So oft the thoughts that burst  
 From hidden streams of feeling,  
 Like silent streams unseen at first,  
 From our cold hearts are stealing;

But soon the clouds that veil  
 The eye of Love when glowing,  
 Betray the long unwhispered tale  
 Of thoughts in darkness flowing.

Commonplace and prosy as these lines are, they yet have that homely simplicity which made Longfellow's poems go straight to the popular heart.

Toward the last of April he left his home for New York, where he was to take the packet for Europe. The journey was at that time slow and tedious: by stage to Boston, thence through Northampton to Albany and down the Hudson. Both at Boston and at Northampton he made stops, and was given letters of introduction to persons abroad. While waiting for the sailing of the *Cadmus* he made a short visit to Philadelphia, which he found not half so pleasant as New York. It was during this visit, says his biographer, that strolling through the streets of the city one morning, he came upon the pleasant enclosure of the Pennsylvania Hospital on Spruce Street. He remembered the picture when he came to write "Evangeline."

After an uneventful voyage of thirty days, Longfellow was landed at Havre, which delighted him with its quaintness and oddity. He saw his first cathedral at Rouen, and reached Paris on the nineteenth of June. He travelled by diligence, and found even "the French dust more palatable than that at home." The city at that day was not the splendidly paved, bright and cheerful Queen of cities that it is to-day. Longfellow found it a gloomy place, "built all of yellow stone, streaked and defaced

with smoke and dust, streets narrow and full of black mud which comes up through the pavement . . . no sidewalks; cabriolets, fiacres, and carriages of all kinds driving close to the houses, and spattering or running down whole ranks of foot-passengers, and noise and stench enough to drive a man mad." He liked the public gardens and the boulevards, and soon found himself "settled down into something between a Frenchman and a New Englander,—within all Jonathan, but outwardly a little of a *Parlez-vous*."

Nevertheless, he was greatly disappointed in finding his advantages in the acquirement of French less than he had expected, and in making comparatively slow progress. There was too much temptation to speak English. Most of the people to whom he had letters were absent from town: lectures would not begin till November.

Taking advantage of this excuse, he set out on a pedestrian tour through central France. Like Goldsmith he carried his flute in his knapsack, but was quite disillusionized to find that the peasantry had degenerated since Goldsmith's day. He wanted to get into one of the cottages to study character, and determined, if possible, to get an invitation. Falling in with a party of peasants, he addressed a girl who happened to be walking by his side, told her he had a flute, and asked her if she would like to dance. She replied that she liked to dance, but did not know what a flute was. He returned to Paris, and stayed there till the twenty-first of February. Then he set out for Spain, feeling comparatively satisfied with his knowledge of French, but without sorrow at leaving France. His journey to Madrid was uneventful: he was not even robbed, though the country was infested with hordes of banditti. At Madrid he found Alexander Everett and his family, Washington Irving, then engaged

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in writing his *Columbus*, and one or two other Americans. He took lodgings at a pleasant house in the family of an elderly gentleman, his wife and daughter, a young lady of eighteen, who quickly became quite a sister to him, and made his acquisition of Spanish "a delightful task."

In September, 1827, Longfellow started for Italy, taking thirteen days to go to Seville with which "Paris of the South" he was disappointed. The Guadalquivir reminded him of the Delaware, though more majestic, and flowing through infinitely more fertile banks. He spent nearly a fortnight in Cadiz, and then travelled to Gibraltar on horseback, through a wild and uncultivated region. From there he went by sea to Malaga, where he spent a week; then visited the romantic region of the Moors, spending five days at Granada. In those five days he declared "he lived almost a century."

These eight months in Spain were among the happiest and most romantic of his life, and he never cared to go to Spain again lest the illusion should be destroyed.

At Florence he found the so-called "glassy Arno" "a stream of muddy water almost entirely dry in summer," while the other stock accessories of Italian romance—"boatmen and convent bells, and white-robed nuns and midnight song," were less agreeable in reality than in imagination. But he enjoyed excellent society there, and princesses played "Yankee Doodle" for him and gave him breakfasts. He was disappointed in the Tuscan pronunciation, and stayed only a month.

In February he entered Rome, but in spite of all the gayeties of the Carnival he pursued his studies. At first he intended to cut short his visit to Rome, but delayed by the failure to receive a remittance, he caught the Roman fever and was seriously ill. The result was that he spent

nearly a little more than a year in Italy. While still in Rome he received word that the anticipated appointment as Professor of Modern Languages had been refused him on the score of his youth. The disappointment was all the more cruel because he felt that he had honestly earned the place. He had become so conversant with French and Spanish as to speak them correctly and write them with the ease and fluency of his native tongue. Portuguese he read with ease, and at the Italian hotels he was frequently taken for an Italian.

Longfellow spent a month in Dresden; but social advantages and amusements prevented more serious studies, and as his friend Preble was at Göttingen, he determined to go there and study during as much of a year as possible. In the spring of 1829 he ran over to England, spent a few days in London, and returned through Holland. The Rhine he thought a noble river, but not so fine as the Hudson. The old castle of Vautsberg, near Bingen, especially delighted him, and here he afterwards located some of the scenes of the "Golden Legend."

He thought the advantages for a student very great at Göttingen, but he was reluctantly obliged to cut short his stay; and after a few days spent in Paris, London, Oxford, and other English towns, he sailed from Liverpool, and reached New York on August 11, 1829.

Soon after his return he was appointed to the professorship at Bowdoin, at a salary of eight hundred dollars, which was enlarged to nine hundred dollars by the additional office of librarian. He immediately took up his duties and fulfilled them to general satisfaction. He translated a French Grammar and prepared several other text-books. His first recitation took place before breakfast, at six in the morning. At eleven he listened to the



juniors in Spanish. His library duties occupied the noon hour, and the last recitation of the day came at five. He also, during his second year, prepared a course of lectures on French, Spanish, and Italian literature. Poetry was for the present in abeyance; but he soon began to contribute to the *North American Review*, then edited by Alexander Everett. In the course of the next ten years nearly a dozen articles on various literary subjects connected with his studies appeared. Most of them were illustrated with metrical translations from various languages. It is safe to say that few poets ever excelled him in this difficult art.

In September, 1831, Longfellow was married to Mary Storer Potter, second daughter of Judge Barrett Potter of Portland. She was a beautiful young woman, and their marriage was very happy. Just a year later, he delivered the poem for the Bowdoin chapter of the  $\Phi$ .B.K. Society, and was asked to repeat it at Cambridge. This was his first original poem in eight years. His first book was the "Coplas of Don Jorge Manrique," preceded by an essay on the Moral and Devotional poetry of Spain, and supplemented by half a dozen sonnets from the Spanish.

He also published parts of "Outre-Mer" in pamphlet form. After he had been in Brunswick three years he began to yearn for wider fields. Several openings were suggested which brought no result. But early in December, 1834, he was offered the Smith professorship of modern languages at Harvard, with a salary of fifteen hundred dollars a year and the privilege of residing in Europe for a year or eighteen months for more perfect preparation in German. He accepted this "good fortune," as he called it, and in April, 1835, sailed with his wife for Europe. In England

he enjoyed friendly acquaintances with Sir John Bowring, the Lockharts, the Carlyles, and others; in Sweden he studied the language, which he found "soft and musical, with an accent like Lowland Scotch." He also took lessons in Finnish, and laid the foundation for his acquaintance with the great Finnish epic, the "Kalevala," the rhythm and style of which he afterwards copied in "Hiawatha." The results of his stay in Stockholm are seen in his beautiful translations from Bishop Tegnér.

In Copenhagen he took lessons in Danish, and was made a member of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquities. During a month's enforced stay in Amsterdam he studied Dutch, which he found "in sound the most disagreeable" he remembered having heard except the Russian. His wife was in failing health: she died on the twenty-ninth of November, 1835. Longfellow travelled sadly to Heidelberg, where he found charming companionship, and, as he says of the hero of "Hyperion," "buried himself in books, in old dusty books." While here his brother-in-law and friend, George W. Pierce, died.

"He the young and strong who cherished  
Noble longings for the strife,  
By the road-side fell and perished,  
Weary with the march of life."

In these sorrows his "higher and nobler motive of action" which enabled him for the moment to forget what he called "the tooth of the destroyer," was, as he wrote to his friend Greene, "the love of what is intellectual and beautiful; the love of literature; the love of high converse with the minds of the great and good." During this time he translated Salis's "Song of the Silent Land." At the end of the following June, Longfellow

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left the nightingales of the Neckar and made a pleasant tour through Switzerland. Many of his experiences he wove into "Hyperion," which shows also the influence of Richter. His philosophy after all was not able wholly to take to heart the inscription to the high-noble-born Herr Tinzen Kayetan von Sonnenberg:

"Look not mournfully into the past; it comes not back again; wisely improve the present, it is thine; go forth to meet the shadowy Future without fear and with a manly heart." He wrote in his note-book: "Oh, what a solitary, lonely being I am! Every hour my heart aches." Chillon he found the most delightful prison he was ever in, and thought Byron's description overcharged. The Alps he characteristically called "great apostles of nature, whose sermons are avalanches and whose voice is that of one crying in the wilderness." From Geneva he went with the Motleys of Boston to Interlaken, where they found the Appletons established. This was a memorable period, fraught with weighty consequences. The young ladies of the family were very beautiful and intellectual. He wrote in his diary:

"Since I have joined these two families from America, the time passes pleasantly. I now for the first time enjoy Switzerland."

At Zurich, where the party went, he translated Uhland's ballad "*Hast du das Schloss gesehen*," and wrote an impromptu on the exorbitant charges of the *Hôtel du Corbeau*:

Beware of the Raven of Zurich,  
'T is a bird of omen ill;  
A noisy and an unclean bird  
With a very, very long bill.

In December, 1836, Longfellow took up his residence at Cambridge, and prepared for the duties of his professorship by laying our courses of lectures, making acquaintances, and getting settled. Though he was somewhat criticised for his fondness for colored coats, waistcoats, and cravats, he soon won many delightful friends. He wrote his father after his first five months of Cambridge life that he spent at least half his evenings in society — "it being almost impossible to avoid it."

His first lecture did not begin till the last of May. He prepared a course of twelve on the various languages and literature of northern and southern Europe. They were a success from the beginning.

On a beautiful summer afternoon in 1837 the young professor went to call upon a law-student, who occupied the south-eastern chamber in the Vassall or Craigie house, on Brattle Street. Longfellow subsequently occupied the same room and the one adjoining, tho' at first the eccentric Madam Cragie, thinking him a student, declined to take him as a lodger. She changed her mind when she learned that he was the author of "Ostre-Mer."

In this room, it is said, he composed all his poems between 1837 and 1845 and the romance of "Hyperion." The first poem was the one entitled "Flowers," the allusion in the first verse being suggested by the German Carové. The next was the "Psalm of Life," which his brother says was written one bright summer morning on the blank leaf of an invitation.

Longfellow's college work consisted of one oral lecture a week throughout the year, two extra lectures a week on belles-lettres in the summer, and superintendence of the four or more subordinate instructors. The translations from Dante in the present volume were taken from the

interleaved copy which he used for his classes and which he filled with notes.

Shortly after he wrote "The Psalm of Life" he thus described his own course of life:

"I live in a great house which looks like an Italian villa; have two large rooms opening into each other. They were once General Washington's chambers. I breakfast at seven on tea and toast, and dine at five or six, generally in Boston. In the evening I walk on the Common with Hillard or alone; then go back to Cambridge on foot. If not very late, I sit an hour with Felton or Sparks. For nearly two years I have not studied at night save now and then. Most of the time am alone; smoke a good deal; wear a broad-brimmed black hat, black frock coat, a black cane. Molest no one. Dine out frequently. In winter go much into Boston society. The last year have written a great deal, enough to make volumes. Have not read much. Have a number of literary plans and projects . . . I do not like this sedentary life. I want action. I want to travel. Am too excited, too tumultuous inwardly."

The note of discontent with his position at Cambridge thus struck was characteristic of his letters and diary, all the time that he held it.

"I am in despair," he wrote in October, 1846, at the swift flight of time and the utter impossibility I feel to lay hold upon anything permanent. All my hours and days go to perishable things. College takes half the time; and other people with their interminable letters and poems and requests and demands take the rest. I have hardly a moment to think of my own writings, and am cheated of some of the fairest hours. This is the extreme of folly; and if I knew a man far off in some

foreign land, doing as I do here, I should say he was mad."

One of his projects was to found a literary newspaper either in Boston or New York, but it never materialized. Occasionally he struck off a poem. "It would seem," he said, after finishing "The Reaper and the Flowers" without any effort of his own, "It would seem as if thoughts, like children, have their periods of gestation, and then are born whether we will or not."

In 1839 appeared "Hyperion," in two volumes, and a little later, in the autumn, the first volume of his poems—"Voices of the Night." The following year he meditated an epic on the "Newport Round Tower" and the "Skeleton in Armor." The mountain brought forth a mouse. He was, however, at this time tormented with dyspepsia, which he confessed in his diary made him listless and irritable. He also suffered from tooth-ache, and wrote his father that for three months he had not been free from it a day. He also planned a history of English Poetry, a volume of studies or sketches, after the manner of Claude Lorraine, a novel to be entitled "Count Cagliostro" and an Epic—the saga of Hakon Jarl; but none of them was ever accomplished. There is an interesting entry in his diary under date December 17, 1839: "News of shipwrecks horrible on the coast. Twenty bodies washed ashore near Gloucester, one lashed to a piece of the wreck. There is a reef called Norman's Woe where many of these took place; among others the schooner *Hesperus* . . . I must write a ballad upon this."

About a fortnight later he writes: "I sat last evening till twelve o'clock by my fire, smoking, when suddenly it came into my mind to write the Ballad of the Schooner



*Hesperus*, which I accordingly did. Then I went to bed, but could not sleep. New thoughts were running in my mind, and I got up to add them to the ballad. It was three by the clock. I then went to bed and fell asleep. I feel pleased with the ballad. It hardly cost me an effort. It did not come into my mind by lines but by stanzas."

The volume of poems was a great success: in three weeks, less than fifty copies were left from an edition of nine hundred; but the publisher of "*Hyperion*" failed, and half of the edition was seized for debts. It was generally well received by the critics, though it met with some tremendous attacks. Longfellow wrote that the feelings of the book were true, the events of the story mostly fictitious.

While lecturing on Spanish literature the following year, the idea of "*The Spanish Student*" occurred to him, and he immediately carried it out, though he did not publish it for some time. Writing to his father in October he says: "My pen has not been very prolific of late; only a little poetry has trickled from it. There will be a kind of a ballad on a blacksmith in the next *Knickerbocker*, which you may consider, if you please, was a song in praise of your ancestor at Newbury." "*Excelsior*," which deserves its popularity in spite of its manifest absurdity, was suggested by the seal of the state of New York, which is a shield with a rising sun and the indefensible Latin motto. Of course the significance of the poem is its life, — the ideal soul, regardless of caution, and prudence, unmoved by affectionate pleading, woman's love, or formal religion, strains for the highest goal, and, dying in the effort, mounts to the skies.

Longfellow's volume of "*Ballads and other Poems*"

was published in December, 1841, and six months later he was on his way to Europe for the third time. He spent the summer at the baths at Marienbad. On his way he stopped at Bruges, which inspired him to write the poems on the Belfry. In his diary under date of May 30 he writes: "The chimes seemed to be ringing incessantly, and the air of repose and antiquity was delightful. . . . O those chimes, those chimes! how deliciously they lull one to sleep! The little bells, with their clear liquid notes, like the voices of boys in a choir, and the solemn base of the great bell tolling in, like the voice of a friar?"

While at Marienbad he partially laid out his plan for his "Christus" drama which had occurred to him suddenly some months before, but which was not completed till 1873. The only verse that he wrote there was a sonnet entitled "Mezzo Cammin." It ends irregularly with an Alexandrine line.

Half of my life is gone, and I have let  
The years slip from me, and have not fulfilled  
The aspiration of my youth to build  
Some tower of song with lofty parapet.  
Not indolence, nor pleasure, nor the fret  
Of restless passions that would not be stilled;  
But sorrow, and a care that almost killed,  
Kept me from what I may accomplish yet;  
Tho' half-way up the hill, I see the Past  
Lying beneath me with its sounds and sights, —  
A city in the twilight dim and vast,  
With smoking roofs, soft bells and gleaming lights, —  
And hear above me on the autumnal blast  
The cataract of death far thundering from the height.

During a brief stay in England he visited Charles Dickens for a fortnight, and had a delightful time, the famous raven doing his share of the entertainment. On his return



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to America he published, in a pamphlet of thirty pages a collection of poems on Slavery, which he wrote in pencil while "cribbed, cabined, and confined" to his berth by stormy weather on the return voyage. His views regarding slavery were expressed in a letter to his friend, George Lunt, who had criticised the poems as expressive of a weary attitude:

"I believe slavery to be an unrighteous institution, based on the false maxim that Might makes Right.

"I have great faith in doing what is righteous, and fear no evil consequences.

"I believe that every one has a perfect right to express his opinion on the subject of slavery as on every other thing; that every one ought so to do, until the public opinion of all Christendom shall penetrate into and change the hearts of the Southerners on this subject.

"I would have no other interference than what is sanctioned by law.

"I believe that where there is a will, there is a way. When the whole country sincerely wishes to get rid of slavery, it will readily find the means.

"Let us, therefore, do all we can to bring about this *will* in all gentleness and Christian charity.

"And God speed the time."

Of course such an attitude was not radical enough to suit the abolitionists; and Longfellow, standing as it were between the two parties, was blamed by both. Yet Whittier wrote to him asking him to accept a nomination to Congress on the ticket of the Liberty party. "Our friends think they could throw for thee one thousand more votes than for any other man." He declined, on the ground that he was not qualified for such a position, and moreover did not belong to that party.

In July, 1843, Longfellow was married to Miss Frances Elizabeth Appleton, in whose company he had enjoyed so much when in Switzerland six years before. During their wedding journey they visited Mrs. Longfellow's relatives, who lived in "the old-fashioned country-seat" at Pittsfield, where stood "the old clock upon the stairs" suggesting its refrain of "Never-Forever." On this journey they passed through Springfield; and in company with Mr. Charles Sumner they visited the Arsenal, where Mrs. Longfellow remarked the resemblance of the gun-barrels to an organ, and suggested what mournful music Death would bring from them. "We grew quite warlike against war," she wrote, "and I urged H. to write a peace poem." He used her beautiful though not perfect comparison in the poem entitled "The Arsenal at Springfield," which grew out of her suggestion.

Shortly after their return to Cambridge, Longfellow accepted a proposal to edit a work on the Poets and Poetry of Europe. It contained specimens from nearly four hundred poets, translated by various hands. Mrs. Longfellow served as her husband's amanuensis, as severe trouble with his eyes, requiring the aid of an oculist, had disabled him. The biographical sketches were mainly prepared by Cornelius Felton, who shared the honorarium. He also purchased the old mansion where he had roomed so long, and which became his home for the rest of his life.

In the first fortnight of October, 1845, he notes in his diary the completion of the poems "To a Child," "To an Old Danish Song-book," "The Bridge Over the Charles," and "The Occultation of Orion." On the thirtieth he completed the sonnet "Hesperus," or as he afterwards called it, "The Evening Star," remarked as being the only

love-poem in all Longfellow's verse. It was composed in "the rustic seat of the old apple-tree." He also notes in his diary the difference "between his ideal home-world of poetry and the outer actual, tangible prose world." The routine of teaching galled him. "When I go out of the precincts of my study," he wrote, "down the village street to college, how the scaffoldings about the palace of song come rattling and clattering down."

Still it may be doubted whether a state of absolute leisure would have been more satisfactory to him. Very likely the lark may say in his heart, "How I would fly if it were not for the air that clogs my wings!" The following month Longfellow notes the coming into the world of his second boy and his fourth volume of poems, "The Belfry of Bruges." A few days later he had begun his "idyl in hexameters," the name of which he was in a quandary about: "Shall it be 'Gabrielle,' or 'Célestine,' or 'Evangeline'?"

In his diary he sets down an impromptu verse which came to him as he lay awake at night listening to the rain:

Pleasant it is to hear the sound of the rattling rain upon  
the roof,  
Ceaselessly falling through the night from the clouds that  
pass so far aloof;  
Pleasant it is to hear the sound of the village clock that  
strikes the hour,  
Dropping its notes like drops of rain from the darksome  
belfry tower.

Of an attack upon his poems by the novelist Simms, he wrote: "I consider this the most original and inventive of all his fictions." A "furious onslaught," by Margaret Fuller, he characterizes as "a bilious attack." Later in his diary we come across mention of "a delicious drive,"

through Brookline, by the church and "the green lane," where was laid the scene of the poem, "A Gleam of Sunshine," and "a delicious drive" through Malden and Lynn to Marblehead to the "Devereaux Farm, near the sea-side," which gave rise to "The Fire of Drift-wood." The following year (1847) was marked by the completion and publication of "Evangeline," a story which the rector of a South Boston church had vainly tried to induce Hawthorne to take up. Longfellow at dinner with the two said to Hawthorne, "If you really do not want this incident for a tale, let me have it for a poem." It is interesting to know that he had never visited the region of Grand-Pré. The meter of the poem brought upon him much criticism, and the question is not yet settled whether the so-called classic hexameter can be naturalized in English. There are lines in "Evangeline" which prove that it can, as for instance:

"Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the distance."

There are others (as in all long poems), which show faulty workmanship. But compare the song of the Mocking-bird (II. 2) with the same translated by the poet as an experiment into what he calls "the common rhymed English pentameter." Here are the two passages, and no critic could hesitate where to award the palm of superiority:

Then from a neighboring thicket the mocking-bird, wildest  
of singers,  
Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the water,  
Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious music,  
That the whole air and the woods and the waves seemed  
silent to listen.

Plaintive at first were the tones and sad; then soaring to  
 madness  
 Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of frenzied Bac-  
 chantes.  
 Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful, low lamenta-  
 tion;  
 Till, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad in  
 derision,  
 As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the tree-  
 tops  
 Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on the  
 branches.

Upon a spray that overhung the stream,  
 The mocking-bird, awaking from his dream,  
 Poured such delirious music from his throat  
 That all the air seemed listening to his note.  
 Plaintive, at first, the song began, and slow,  
 It breathed of sadness, and of pain and woe;  
 Then, gathering all his notes, abroad he flung  
 The multitudinous music from his tongue,  
 As after showers, a sudden gust again  
 Upon the leaves shakes down the rattling rain.

He notes in his diary some pendants to Schiller's poetic  
 characterization of the classic meters:

## I.

In Hexameter plunges the headlong cataract downward;  
 In Pentameter up whirls the eddying mist.

## II.

In Hexameter rolls sonorous the peal of the organ;  
 In Pentameter soft rises the chant of the choir.

## III.

In Hexameter gallops delighted a beggar on horseback;  
 In Pentameter whack! tumbles he off his steed.

IV.

In Hexameter sings serenely a Harvard professor;  
In Pentameter him damns censorious Poe.

The day after this exercise he enters a little French poem which he calls the epigram of a former young man on approaching his fortieth birthday:

*" Sous le firmament  
Tout n'est que changement,  
Tout passe "*  
*Le cantique le dit,  
Il est ainsi écrit,  
Il est sans contredit,  
Tout passe.*

*O douce vie humaine !  
O temps qui nous entraîne !  
Destinée souveraine !  
Moi qui, poète rêveur,  
Ne fut jamais friseur,  
Je frise, — O quelle horreur !  
La quarantaine !*

On the occasion of the completion of "The Conquest of Peru" Prescott invited Longfellow and a number of other authors; and some one, probably Longfellow himself, declared that nothing could be more appropriate than to invite the *Inkers* on such an occasion.

Occasionally Longfellow made a poetic entry in his diary.

Such is the blank-verse description of the tides composed one day during his August vacation while at Portland :

Oh faithful, indefatigable tides,  
That evermore upon God's errands go, —  
Now seaward bearing tidings of the land,  
Now landward bearing tidings of the sea, —

And filling every frith and estuary,  
 Each arm of the great sea, each little creek,  
 Each thread and filament of water-courses,  
 Full with your ministrations of delight !  
 Under the rafters of this wooden bridge  
 I see you come and go; sometimes in haste  
 To reach your journey's end, which, being done,  
 With feet unrested ye return again  
 And recommence the never-ending task;  
 Patient, whatever burdens ye may bear,  
 And fretted only by the impeding rocks."

At first there was some delay in getting "*Evangeline*" published, but at last, towards the end of October, it came out; and he records that he had received "greater and warmer commendations than on any previous volume. The public takes more kindly to Hexameters than I could have imagined." In six months six thousand copies were sold.

In February, 1848, he chronicles this horrible pun: "What is *autobi*-ography? What biography ought to be!"

In October he was asked to write an ode for the occasion of the introduction of Cochituate water into Boston. He disliked writing occasional verses. Lowell was the odist. Longfellow contented himself with an epigram in his diary :

Cochituate water, it is said, —  
 Tho' introduced in pipes of lead,  
     Will not prove deleterious;  
 But if the stream of Helicon  
 Thro' leaden pipes be made to run  
     The effect is very serious.

"*Evangeline*" was scarcely off his hands before he began his third prose romance, "*Kavanagh*;" but after it was

finished he declared that he had never hesitated so much about any of his books except the first hexameters, "The Children of the Lord's Supper."

It was published on the 12th of May, 1849. Mr. Emerson wrote that it seemed to him the best sketch which he had as yet seen in the direction of the American novel. Hawthorne called it a "most precious and rare book; as fragrant as a bunch of flowers, and as simple as one flower. A true picture of life, moreover."

In November he finished the last proof corrections of his "Fireside and Seaside," and confided to his journal his yearning to try a loftier strain, the sublimer song, whose broken melodies "had for so many years breathed through his soul in the better hours of life."

By October, 1850, Longfellow was so weary of his routine of his professorship that he seriously thought of resigning it; more than once he wrote that he was "pawing to get free his hinder parts." He said: "If I wish to do anything in literature it must be done now. Few men have written good poetry after fifty."

"The Golden Legend" was published in 1851, and the first edition of thirty-five hundred copies was almost immediately exhausted.

His time is shown by his diary to have been filled with all sorts of calls and demands; some of them most delightful, such as visits from notabilities, dinners with his fascinating circle of friends, concerts; others not so pleasant: foreigners wishing places and help, requests for autographs — one day he mentions sending off twenty-seven, another, seventy-six — and hundreds of petty annoyances, the penalties of wealth and growing fame.

On the 5th of June, 1854, he mentions his delight at the "Kalevala." A little more than a fortnight later he



writes that he has at last hit upon a plan for a poem on the American Indians; the meter also immediately settled itself. At first he thought of calling it "Manabôzho." On the 26th, having looked over Schoolcraft's "huge, ill-digested quartos," he wrote some of the first lines of "Hiawatha." Having at last resigned from his professorship, he had more leisure to work at it; and though he still had interruptions he had finished the last canto at noon of March 21, 1855. A few days later, pierced through with pain from what he calls the "steel arrows of the west wind," as he lay in bed a poem came into his mind, — "A Memory of Portland, my Native Town, the City by the Sea." As a refrain for the poem he used two lines from an old Lapland song:

"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

The first edition of "Hiawatha" was five thousand, and this was immediately followed by a second of three thousand. By the end of two years it had reached a sale of fifty thousand. Bayard Taylor wrote, congratulating him on his success in a subject so beset with difficulties. "It will be parodied," he wrote, "perhaps ridiculed, in many quarters; but it will live after the Indian race has vanished from our continent, and there will be no parodies then."

Parodies are implicit compliments, and "Hiawatha" enjoyed this distinction.

Of course, he was immediately charged with having borrowed, not only the meter, but the incidents, from the "Kalevala." He wrote to Sumner that the charge was "truly one of the greatest literary outrages" he had ever

heard of. He added, "I can give chapter and verse for these legends. Their chief value is that they are Indian legends. I know the "Kalevala" very well; and that some of its legends *resemble* the Indian stories preserved by Schoolcraft is very true. But the idea of making me responsible for that is too ludicrous."

In 1856 he planned to go to Europe with friends, but unfortunately struck his knee getting into a carriage, and was laid up with the resulting lameness. It was at the same time that his dear friend Sumner was suffering from the brutal attack of Brooks. So he went to his Nahant house, and enjoyed the commotion of the sea, chafing and foaming.

"So from the bosom of darkness our days come roaring  
and gleaming,  
Chafe and break into foam, sink into darkness again,  
But on the shores of Time each leaves some trace of its  
passage,  
Tho' the succeeding wave washes it out from the sand."

On the second of December, the following year, he began his Puritan pastoral, "The Courtship of Miles Standish," which he had before tried to throw into the form of a drama, but without success. The first edition consisted of ten thousand copies. He at first called it "Priscilla." This same year the *Atlantic Monthly* was established with Lowell, Longfellow's successor as Smith Professor, in the editorial chair. Many of Longfellow's most beautiful poems appeared in it.

On the ninth of July, 1861, Mrs. Longfellow was sitting in the library with her two little girls, sealing up some small packages of their shorn curls. A lighted match, fallen on the floor, set her dress on fire. She died the next morning from the effect of the shock, and was buried three days later, on the anniversary of her marriage day. Longfellow

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himself was so severely burned that he was unable to be present at the funeral. Months afterwards, when some visitor expressed the hope that he might be enabled to "bear his cross" with patience, he exclaimed, "*Bear* the cross, yes; but what if one is stretched upon it!"

Just as Bryant in his great sorrow, a similar sorrow, devoted his energies to translating Homer, so Longfellow took up the task of translating Dante, which he had also begun years before. The first volume was printed in time to commemorate the sixth hundredth anniversary of Dante's birth. The King of Italy, in token of his high esteem, then conferred upon him the diploma and cross of the Order of Saints Maurizio and Lazzaro; but Longfellow declined the honor. Writing to Sumner, he declared that he "did not think it appropriate for a Republican and a Protestant to receive a Catholic order of knighthood." It was not completed till 1866, though for a time he translated a canto a day. Meantime he published (in 1863) the "*Tales of a Wayside Inn*," which he at first thought to call "*Sudbury Tales*." The first edition was fifteen thousand copies. The characters represented as present at the Red Horse Inn were T. W. Parsons, Luigi Monti, Professor Treadwell (of Harvard), Ole Bull, and Henry Ware Wales. The first three were in the habit of spending their summers at Sudbury, which is about twenty miles from Boston. Longfellow drew the subjects of the tales from various sources. "*The birds of Killingworth*" is supposed to be the only one of his own invention. The business of publishing the volume was rendered distressing by the necessity of going to Washington to bring back his oldest son Charles, a lieutenant of cavalry who had been severely, though, it proved, not fatally, shot through both shoulders at Antietam.

In February, 1868, Longfellow wrote two tragedies,—one on the persecution of the Quakers, which he had written and printed in rare form, and the other on the Salem witchcraft. In May, with a large circle of family friends, he made his last visit to Europe. He spent some time in England, and at Eden Hall saw the famous goblet “still entirely unshattered,” in spite of Uhland’s poem, which he had translated so many years before. At Cambridge he was publicly admitted as Doctor of Laws, a degree which he already bore by courtesy of Harvard University. He wrote to Mrs. J. T. Fields: “I swooped down to Cambridge, where I had a scarlet gown put on me, and the students shouted, ‘Three cheers for the red man of the West.’”

He was invited to spend the day with the Queen at Windsor Castle, and all England vied in showering attentions upon him. He wrote that he had been almost killed with kindness, and had seen almost everybody whom he most cared to see. He travelled through France, and spent the winter at Rome, where, among other enjoyments, he frequently heard Liszt play on his Chickering piano-forte. Returning through Germany and Switzerland, he stayed long enough in England to receive the degree of D.C.L. at Oxford, and to visit Devonshire, the Scottish Lakes, and the regions sacred to Burns. By the first of September, 1869, he was once more at his desk, “under the evening lamp.”

It would occupy too much space to enumerate all the names of even the most celebrated of the visitors who were drawn to Craigie House by the fame of its occupant. On one day his diary records visits from fourteen people, thirteen of them Englishmen. In January, 1870, he began a second series of the “Tales of a Wayside Inn.”

In May he prepared a supplement to the "Poets and Poetry of Europe." In November he was writing "The Divine Tragedy," which had taken entire possession of him. It was published in December, 1871. "Judas Maccabæus," which had occurred to him as a possible subject twenty years before, was written in eleven days. The next year came "Michel Angelo," completed in sixteen days, though constantly changed and enlarged and left unpublished. "Aftermath," containing the third of the Sudbury days, and a number of lyrics, came out in 1873. The following January he finished "The Hanging of the Crane," for which the *New York Ledger* paid him \$3,000; it was afterwards included in "The Masque of Pandora." In July, 1875, occurred the fiftieth anniversary of his graduation, and he wrote for the occasion his *Morituri Salutamus*. In 1877 he received \$1,000 for his "Keramos," the spur to which may have been given by his memory of an old Pottery which used to stand near Deering's Woods at Portland.

Just before he reached his seventy-second birthday he called a friend's attention to the mysterious significant part which the number eighteen had played in his life. "I was eighteen years old when I took my college degree; eighteen years afterward, I was married for the second time; I lived with my wife eighteen years, and it is eighteen years since she died. . . . And then, by way of parenthesis or epicycle, I was eighteen years professor in the college here, and I have published eighteen separate volumes of poems."

During these last years he was engaged in preparing his "Poems of Places," which he called a "poetic guide-book." More than once the author of this sketch saw him at the University Press superintending the proofs.

The last volume which Longfellow himself published was "Ultima Thule," which contained his verses in memory of Burns. His last verses were written on the fifteenth of March, 1882. They were touching and significant, like Tennyson's and Whittier's:

O Bells of San Blas, in vain  
Ye call back the past again,  
The past is dead to your prayer.  
Out of the shadow of night  
The world rolls into light;—  
It is daybreak everywhere.

He had not been very well for some little time; in fact, not since "a strange and sudden seizure" which befell him in July, 1873, and which almost deprived him of the use of his right hand and arm. On the eighteenth of March he took a chill, was seized with peritonitis, and died on the afternoon of Friday, the twenty-fourth.

In regard to his work the words which Motley quoted in a letter to Longfellow in 1856 were appropriate to the last:

"I heard a brother poet of yours, for whom I hope you have as much regard as I have, say the other day that you had not only written no line which dying you would wish to blot, but not one which living you had not a right to be proud of."

Pure as crystal are all his works. His life was likewise lofty and blameless, sweet and unselfish. The greatest tribute came to him from the spontaneous love of the children of his native land. Next to that the love and admiration of his friends; and not least the marble image which enshrines his memory in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey.

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May this simple memorial be a single leaf contributed by the son of one of his Brunswick pupils, to whom also more than once he showed that unfailing courtesy which made his life a perpetual benediction.

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

EVANGELINE,  
A TALE OF ACADIE.

1847.



11

# EVANGELINE.

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THIS is the forest primeval. The murmuring  
pines and the hemlocks,  
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct  
in the twilight,  
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and  
prophetic,  
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on  
their bosoms.  
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced  
neighboring ocean  
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the  
wail of the forest.

This is the forest primeval; but where are the  
    hearts that beneath it  
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the wood-  
    land the voice of the huntsman?  
Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of  
    Acadian farmers, —  
Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water  
    the woodlands,  
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an  
    image of heaven?  
Waste are those pleasant farms and the farmers  
    forever departed !  
Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty  
    blasts of October  
Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle  
    them far o'er the ocean.  
Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful vil-  
    lage of Grand-Pré.

Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and  
endures, and is patient,  
Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of  
woman's devotion,  
List to the mournful tradition still sung by the  
pines of the forest ;  
List to a tale of love in Acadie, home of the  
happy.

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**PART THE FIRST.**



**PART THE FIRST.**





## PART THE FIRST.

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### I.

IN the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin  
of Minas,

Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-  
Pré

Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched  
to the eastward,

Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks  
without number.

Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised  
with labor incessant,

Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated sea-  
sons the flood-gates

Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will  
o'er the meadows.

## *EVANGELINE,*

West and south there were fields of flax,  
orchards and cornfields  
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain;  
away to the northward  
Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft  
the mountains  
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the  
mighty Atlantic  
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their  
station descended.  
There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the  
Acadian village.  
Strongly built were the houses, with frames of  
oak and of chestnut,  
Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the  
reign of the Henries.  
Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows;  
and gables projecting  
Over the basement below protected and shaded  
the doorway.

There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when  
    brightly the sunset  
Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes  
    on the chimneys,  
Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps  
    and in kirtles  
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the golden  
    Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy  
    shuttles within doors  
Mingled their sound with the whirl of the wheels  
    and the songs of the maidens.  
Solemnly down the street came the parish priest,  
    and the children  
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended  
    to bless them.  
Reverend walked he among them; and up rose  
    matrons and maidens  
Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.

*EVANGELINE,*

Then came the laborers home from the field,  
serenely the sun sank  
Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. And  
from the belfry  
Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of  
the village  
Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense  
ascending,  
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace  
and contentment.  
Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian  
farmers, —  
Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were  
they free from  
Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the  
vice of republics.  
Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to  
their windows;  
But their dwellings were open as day and the  
hearts of the owners;

There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived  
in abundance.

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the  
Basin of Minas,  
Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of  
Grand-Pré,  
Dwelt on his goodly acres; and with him, directing  
his household,  
Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride  
of the village.  
Stalworth and stately in form was the man of  
seventy winters;  
Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered  
with snow-flakes;  
White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks  
as brown as the oak leaves.  
Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen  
summers.

*EVANGELINE,*

Black were her eyes as the berry that  
the thorn by the wayside,  
Black, yet how softly they gleamed her  
brown shade of her tresses !  
Sweet was her breath as the breath of kir  
feed in the meadows.  
When, in the harvest heat she bore to the re  
at noontide  
Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah ! fair in sooth,  
the maiden.  
Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while th  
bell from its turret  
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest  
with his hyssop  
Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings  
upon them,  
Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet  
of beads and her missal,  
Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue,  
and the ear-rings,

Brought in the olden time from France, and since,  
as an heirloom,  
Handed down from mother to child, through long  
generations.  
But a celestial brightness — a more ethereal  
beauty —  
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when,  
after confession,  
Homeward serenely she walked with God's bene-  
diction upon her.  
When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing  
of exquisite music.

Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of  
the farmer  
Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea;  
and a shady  
Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine  
wreathing around it.



Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath;  
and a footpath

Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in  
the meadow.

Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by  
a penthouse,

Such as the traveller sees in regions remote by  
the roadside,

Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image  
of Mary.

Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the  
well with its moss-grown

Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough  
for the horses.

Shielding the house from storms on the north,  
were the barns and the farmyard.

There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the  
antique ploughs and the harrows;

There were the folds for the sheep; and there,  
in his feathered seraglio,

Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock,  
with the selfsame  
Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent  
Peter.

Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a  
village. In each one  
Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch; and  
a staircase,  
Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous  
corn-loft.

There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek and  
innocent inmates,  
Murmuring ever of love; while above in the  
variant breezes  
Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang  
of mutation.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the  
farmer of Grand-Pré

Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed  
his household.

Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and  
opened his missal,

Fixed his eyes upon her, as the saint of his deepest  
devotion ;

Happy was he who might touch her hand or the  
hem of her garment !

Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness  
befriended,

And as he knocked and waited to hear the sound  
of her footsteps,

Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the  
knocker of iron ;

Or at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of the  
village,

Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance  
as he whispered

Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the  
music.

But, among all who came, young Gabriel only  
was welcome ;

Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the black-  
smith,

Who was a mighty man in the village, and hon-  
ored of all men ;

For since the birth of time, throughout all ages  
and nations,

Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by  
the people.

Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from  
earliest childhood

Grew up together as brother and sister ; and  
Father Felician,

Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had  
taught them their letters

Out of the selfsame book, with the hymns of the  
church and the plain-song.

But when the hymn was sung, and the daily les-  
son completed,

Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil  
the blacksmith.

There at the door they stood, with wondering  
eyes to behold him

Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as  
a plaything,

Nailing the shoe in its place; while near him the  
tire of the cart-wheel

Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle  
of cinders.

Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the gath-  
ering darkness,

Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through  
every cranny and crevice,

Warm by the forge within they watched the  
laboring bellows,

And as its panting ceased, and the sparks expired  
in the ashes,

Merrily laughed, and said they were nuns going  
into the chapel.

Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the swoop  
of the eagle,

Down the hillside bounding, they glided away o'er  
the meadow.

Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous nests  
on the rafters,

Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone  
which the swallow

Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the  
sight of its fledglings;

Lucky was he who found that stone in the nest of  
the swallow!

Thus passed a few swift years, and they no longer  
were children.

He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face  
of the morning,

Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened  
thought into action.

She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes  
of a woman.

“Sunshine of Saint Eulalie” was she called; for  
that was the sunshine  
Which, as the farmers believed, would load their  
orchards with apples;  
She, too, would bring to her husband's house  
delight and abundance,  
Filling it full of love and the ruddy faces of chil-  
dren.

II.

Now had the season returned, when the nights  
grow colder and longer,

And the retreating sun the sign of the Scorpion  
enters.

Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air  
from the ice-bound,

Desolate northern bays to the shores of tropical  
islands.

Harvests were gathered in; and wild with the  
winds of September

Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old  
with the angel.

All the signs foretold a winter long and in-  
clement.

Bees, with prophetic instinct of want, had  
hoarded their honey



Till the hives overflowed; and the Indian hunters  
asserted

Cold would the winter be, for thick was the fur  
of the foxes.

Such was the advent of autumn. Then followed  
that beautiful season,

Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Sum-  
mer of All-Saints!

Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical  
light; and the landscape

Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of  
childhood.

Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the rest-  
less heart of the ocean

Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were  
in harmony blended.

Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks  
in the farmyards,

Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing  
of pigeons,

All were subdued and low as the murmurs of  
love, and the great sun  
Looked with the eye of love through the golden  
vapors around him ;  
While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet  
and yellow,  
Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering  
tree of the forest  
Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned  
with mantles and jewels.

Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection and stillness.  
Day with its burden and heat had departed, and  
twilight descending  
Brought back the evening star to the sky, and  
the herds to the homestead  
Pawing the ground they came, and resting their  
necks on each other,

And with their nostrils distended inhaling the  
freshest of evening.

Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful  
heifer,

Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon  
that waved from her collar,

Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human  
affection.

Then came the shepherd back with his bleating  
flocks from the seaside,

Where was their favorite pasture. Behind them  
followed the watch-dog,

Patient, full of importance, and grand in the  
pride of his instinct,

Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and  
superbly

Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the  
stragglers;

Regent of flocks was he when the shepherd slept;  
their protector,

When from the forest at night, through the starry  
silence, the wolves howled.

Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains  
from the marshes,

Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with its  
odor.

Cheerily neighed the steeds, with dew on their  
manes and their fetlocks,

While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and  
ponderous saddles,

Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with  
tassels of crimson,

Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy  
with blossoms.

Patently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded  
their udders

Unto the milkmaid's hand; whilst loud and in  
regular cadence

Into the sounding pails the foaming streamlets  
descended.

Lowling of cattle and peals of laughter were heard  
in the farmyard,  
Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into  
stillness ;  
Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves of  
the barn-doors,  
Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was  
silent.

In-doors, warm by the wide-mouthed fireplace  
idly the farmer  
Sat in his elbow-chair, and watched how the flames  
and the smoke-wreaths  
Struggled together like foes in a burning city  
Behind him,  
Nodding and mocking along the wall with ges-  
tures fantastic,  
Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away  
into darkness.

Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his  
arm-chair,  
Laughed in the flickering light, and the pewter  
plates on the dresser  
Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies  
the sunshine.  
Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols  
of Christmas,  
Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers  
before him  
Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Bur-  
gundian vineyards.  
Close at her father's side was the gentle Evange-  
line seated,  
Spinning flax for the loom that stood in the corner  
behind her.  
Silent awhile were its treadles, at rest was its dili-  
gent shuttle,  
While the monotonous drone of the wheel, like the  
drone of a bagpipe,

Followed the old man's song, and united the fragments together.

As in a church, when the chant of the choir at intervals ceases,

Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or words of the priest at the altar,

So, in each pause of the song, with measured motion the clock clicked.

Thus as they sat, there were footsteps heard, and, suddenly lifted,

Sounded the wooden latch, and the door swung back on its hinges.

Benedict knew by the hob-nailed shoes it was Basil the blacksmith,

And by her beating heart Evangeline knew who was with him.

"Welcome!" the farmer exclaimed, as their footsteps paused on the threshold,

“Welcome, Basil, my friend! Come, take thy  
place on the settle

Close by the chimney-side, which is always empty  
without thee;

Take from the shelf overhead thy pipe and the  
box of tobacco;

Never so much thyself art thou as when through  
the curling

Smoke of the pipe or the forge thy friendly and  
jovial face gleams

Round and red as the harvest moon through the  
mist of the marshes.”

Then, with a smile of content, thus answered Basil  
the blacksmith,

Taking with easy air the accustomed seat by the  
fireside:—

“Benedict Bellefontaine, thou hast ever thy jest  
and thy ballad!

Ever in cheerfulest mood art thou, when others  
are filled with



Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see only ruin before them.

Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked up a horseshoe."

Pausing a moment, to take the pipe that Evangeline brought him,

And with a coal from the embers had lighted, he slowly continued: —

"Four days now are passed since the English ships at their anchors

Ride in the Gaspereau's mouth, with their cannon pointed against us.

What their design may be is unknown; but all are commanded

On the morrow to meet in the church, where his Majesty's mandate

Will be proclaimed as law in the land. Alas! in the mean time

Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of the people."

Then made answer the farmer: — “ Perhaps some  
friendlier purpose

Brings these ships to our shores. Perhaps the  
harvests in England

By the untimely rains or untimelier heat have  
been blighted,

And from our bursting barns they would feed  
their cattle and children.”

“ Not so thinketh the folk in the village,” said,  
warmly, the blacksmith,

Shaking his head, as in doubt; then, heaving a  
sigh, he continued: —

“ Louisburg is not forgotten, nor Beau Séjour, nor  
Port Royal.

Many already have fled to the forest, and lurk on  
its outskirts,

Waiting with anxious hearts the dubious fate of  
to-morrow.

Arms have been taken from us, and warlike weapons  
of all kinds;

Nothing is left but the blacksmith's sledge and  
the scythe of the mower."

Then with a pleasant smile made answer the  
jovial farmer:—

"Safer are we unarmed, in the midst of our  
flocks and our cornfields,

Safer within these peaceful dikes, besieged by  
the ocean,

Than were our fathers in forts, besieged by the  
enemy's cannon.

Fear no evil, my friend, and to-night may no  
shadow of sorrow

Fall on this house and hearth; for this is the  
night of the contract.

Built are the house and the barn. The merry  
lads of the village

Strongly have built them and well; and, breaking  
the glebe round about them,

Filled the barn with hay, and the house with  
food for a twelvemonth.

René Leblanc will be here anon, with his papers  
and inkhorn.

Shall we not then be glad, and rejoice in the joy  
of our children?"

As apart by the window she stood, with her hand  
in her lover's,

Blushing Evangeline heard the words that her  
father had spoken,

And as they died on his lips the worthy notary  
entered.

## III.

BENT like a laboring oar, that toils in the surf  
of the ocean,

Bent but not broken, by age was the form of the  
notary public;

Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the  
maize, hung

Over his shoulders; his forehead was high; and  
glasses with horn bows

Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom  
supernal.

Father of twenty children was he, and more than  
a hundred

Children's children rode on his knee, and heard  
his great watch tick.

Four long years in the times of the war had he  
languished a captive,

Suffering much in an old French fort as the  
friend of the English.

Now, though warier grown, without all guile or  
suspicion,

Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient, and simple.  
and childlike.

He was beloved by all, and most of all by the  
children ;

For he told them tales of the Loup-garou in the  
forest,

And of the goblin that came in the night to  
water the horses,

And of the white Létiche, the ghost of a child  
who unchristened ,

Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the  
chambers of children ;

And how on Christmas eve the oxen talked in  
the stable,

And how the fever was cured by a spider shut up  
in a nutshell,

And of the marvellous powers of four-leaved  
clover and horse-shoes.

With whatsoever else was writ in the law of the  
village.

Then up rose from his seat by the fireside Basil  
the blacksmith.

Knocked from his pipe the ashes, and slowly ex-  
tending his right hand,

"Father Leblanc," he exclaimed, "thou hast  
heard the talk in the village,

And, perchance, canst tell us some news of these  
ships and their errand."

Then with modest demeanor made answer the  
notary public:—

"Gossip enough have I heard, in sooth, yet am  
never the wiser;

And what their errand may be I know not better  
than others.

Yet am I not of those who imagine some evil  
intention

Brings them here, for we are at peace; and why  
then molest us?"

God's name!" shouted the hasty and somewhat  
irascible blacksmith;

“Must we in all things look for the how, and the  
why, and the wherefore?

Daily injustice is done, and might is the right of  
the strongest!"

But, without heeding his warmth, continued the  
notary public: —

“Man is unjust, but God is just, and finally  
justice

Triumphs; and well I remember a story, that  
often consoled me,

When as a captive I lay in the old French fort at  
Port Royal.”

This was the old man's favorite tale, and he loved  
to repeat it

When his neighbors complained that any injustice  
was done them.



“ Once in an ancient city, whose name I no longer  
remember,

Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of Jus-  
tice

Stood in the public square, upholding the scales in  
its left hand,

And in its right a sword, as an emblem that jus-  
tice presided

Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and  
homes of the people.

Even the birds had built their nests in the scales  
of the balance,

Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the  
sunshine above them.

But in the course of time the laws of the land  
were corrupted ;

Might took the place of right, and the weak were  
oppressed, and the mighty

Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a  
nobleman's palace

That a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere long a  
suspicion

Fell on an orphan girl who lived as maid in the  
household.

She, after form of trial condemned to die on the  
scaffold,

Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue  
of justice.

As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit  
ascended,

Lo ! o'er the city a tempest rose ; and the bolts of  
the thunder

Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath  
from its left hand

Down on the pavement below the clattering scales  
of the balance,

And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of a  
magpie,

Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls  
was inwoven."

Silenced, but not convinced, when the story was  
ended, the blacksmith  
Stood like a man who fain would speak, but  
findeth no language ;  
All his thoughts were congealed into lines on his  
face, as the vapors  
Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-panes in  
the winter.

Then Evangeline lighted the bræzen lamp on the  
table,  
Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with  
home-brewed  
Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its strength in  
the village of Grand-Pré ;  
While from his pocket the notary drew his papers  
and ink-horn,  
Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age of  
the parties,

Naming the dower of the bride in flocks of sheep  
and in cattle.

Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well  
were completed,

And the great seal of the law was set like a sun on  
the margin.

Then from his leathern pouch the farmer threw on  
the table

Three times the old man's fee in solid pieces of  
silver ;

And the notary rising, and blessing the bride and  
the bridegroom,

Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to their  
welfare.

Wiping the foam from his lip, he solemnly bowed  
and departed,

While in silence the others sat and mused by the  
fireside,

Till Evangeline brought the draught-board out of  
its corner.

Soon was the game begun. In friendly contention  
the old men

Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful manœuvre,  
nœuvre,

Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach  
was made in the king-row.

Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of a window's embrasure,

Sat the lovers, and whispered together, beholding  
the moon rise

Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the  
meadows.

Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of  
heaven,

Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of  
the angels.

Thus passed the evening away. Anon the bell  
from the belfry

Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew,  
and straightway

Rose the guests and departed; and silence reigned  
in the household.

Many a farewell word and sweet good-night on  
the doorstep

Lingered long in Evangeline's heart, and filled it  
with gladness.

Carefully then were covered the embers that  
glowed on the hearth-stone,

And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread of  
the farmer.

Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evangeline  
followed.

Up the staircase moved a luminous space in the  
darkness,

Lighted less by the lamp than the shining face of  
the maiden.

Silent she passed through the hall, and entered  
the door of her chamber.

Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of  
white, and its clothes-press

Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves were  
carefully folded

Linen and woollen stuffs, by the hand of Evange-  
line woven.

This was the precious dower she would bring to  
her husband in marriage,

Better than flocks and herds, being proofs of her  
skill as a housewife.

Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the mellow  
and radiant moonlight

Streamed through the windows, and lighted the  
room, till the heart of the maiden

Swelled and obeyed its power, like the tremulous  
tides of the ocean.

Ah! she was fair, exceeding fair to behold, as  
she stood with

Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of  
her chamber!

Little she dreamed that below, among the trees of  
the orchard,

Waited her lover and watched for the gleam of  
her lamp and her shadow.

Yet were her thoughts of him, and at times a  
feeling of sadness

Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of  
clouds in the moonlight

Flitted across the floor and darkened the room for  
a moment.

And as she gazed from the window she saw se-  
renely the moon pass

Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star  
follow her footsteps,

As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wan-  
dered with Hagar!



## IV.

PLEASANTLY rose next morn the sun on the  
village of Grand-Pré.

Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the Basin  
of Minas,

Where the ships, with their wavering shadows,  
were riding at anchor.

Life had long been astir in the village, and  
clamorous labor

Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden  
gates of the morning.

Now from the country around, from the farms and  
the neighboring hamlets,

Came in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian  
peasants.

Many a glad good-morrow and jocund laugh from  
the young folk

Made the bright air brighter, as up from the  
numerous meadows,

Where no path could be seen but the track of  
wheels in the greensward,

Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed  
on the highway.

Long ere noon, in the village all sounds of labor  
were silenced.

Thronged were the streets with people; and noisy  
groups at the house-doors

Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossiped  
together.

Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed  
and feasted;

For with this simple people, who lived like brothers  
together,

All things were held in common, and what one had  
was another's.

Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seemed more  
abundant:

For Evangeline stood among the guests of her  
father;

Bright was her face with smiles, and words of  
welcome and gladness

Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup  
as she gave it.

Under the open sky, in the odorless air of the  
orchard,

Bending with golden fruit, was spread the feast of  
betrothal.

There in the shade of the porch were the priest  
and the notary seated;

There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the  
blacksmith.

Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider-press  
and the beehives,

Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of  
hearts and of waistcoats.

Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played  
on his snow-white

Hair as it waved in the wind; and the jolly face  
of the fiddler

Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown  
from the embers.

Gayly the old man sang to the vibrant sound of  
his fiddle;

*Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres*, and *Le Carillon de*  
*Dunkerque*,

And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the  
music.

Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzy-  
ing dances

Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the  
meadows;

Old folk and young together, and children min-  
gled among them.

Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Bene-  
dict's daughter!

Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of the  
blacksmith !

So passed the morning away. And lo ! with a  
summons sonorous  
Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the  
meadows a drum beat.  
Thronged ere long was the church with men.  
Without, in the churchyard,  
Waited the women. They stood by the graves,  
and hung on the headstones  
Garlands of autumn leaves and evergreens fresh  
from the forest.  
Then came the guard from the ships, and march-  
ing proudly among them  
Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dis-  
sonant clangor  
Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from  
ceiling and casement, —

Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous  
portal

Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will  
of the soldiers.

Then up rose their commander, and spake from the  
steps of the altar,

Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal  
commission.

“ You are convened this day,” he said, “ by his  
Majesty’s orders.

Clement and kind has he been ; but how you have  
answered his kindness,

Let your own hearts reply ! To my natural make  
and my temper

Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must  
be grievous.

Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of  
our monarch ;

Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and  
cattle of all kinds

Forfeited be to the crown ; and that you yourselves  
from this province

Be transported to other lands. God grant you  
may dwell there

Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable  
people !

Prisoners now I declare you ; for such is his  
Majesty's pleasure ! ”

As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice  
of summer,

Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling  
of the hailstones

Beats down the farmer's corn in the field and  
shatters his windows,

Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with  
thatch from the house-roofs,

Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their  
inclosures ;

So on the hearts of the people descended the  
words of the speaker.

Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and then rose

Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,

And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the doorway.

Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce imprecations

Rang through the house of prayer; and high o'er the heads of the others

Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the blacksmith,

As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.

Flushed was his face and distorted with passion; and wildly he shouted, —

“Down with the tyrants of England! we never have sworn them allegiance!

Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes and our harvests!”



More he fain would have said, but the merciless  
hand of a soldier  
Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down  
to the pavement.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry  
contention,  
Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and Father  
Felician  
Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the  
steps of the altar.  
Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he  
awed into silence  
All that clamorous throng; and thus he spake to  
his people;  
Deep were his tones and solemn; in accents  
measured and mournful  
Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarum, distinctly  
the clock strikes:

“What is this that ye do, my children? **what**  
madness has seized you?

Forty years of my life have I labored **among you,**  
and taught you,

Not in word alone, but in deed, to **love one**  
another!

Is this the fruit of my toils, of my **vigils and**  
prayers and privations?

Have you so soon forgotten all **lessons of love**  
and forgiveness?

This is the house of the Prince of **Peace,** and  
would you profane it

Thus with violent deeds and **hearts overflowing**  
with hatred?

Lo! where the crucified Christ from his **cross** is  
gazing upon you!

See! in those sorrowful eyes **what meekness and**  
holy compassion!

Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer, ‘O  
Father, forgive them!’

Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the  
wicked assail us,

Let us repeat it now, and say, ‘O Father, forgive  
them!’”

Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the  
hearts of his people

Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded  
that passionate outbreak;

And they repeated his prayer, and said, “O  
Father, forgive them!”

Then came the evening service. The tapers  
gleamed from the altar.

Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and  
the people responded,

Not with their lips alone, but their hearts; and  
the Ave Maria

Sang they, and fell on their knees, and their  
souls, with devotion translated,

Rose on the ardor of prayer, like Elijah ascending  
to heaven.

Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings  
of ill, and on all sides  
Wandered, wailing, from house to house the  
women and children.  
Long at her father's door Evangeline stood, with  
her right hand  
Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the sun,  
that, descending,  
Lighted the village street with mysterious splen-  
dor, and roofed each  
Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and embla-  
zoned its windows.  
Long within had been spread the snow-white cloth  
on the table;  
There stood the wheaten loaf, and the honey fra-  
grant with wild flowers;

There stood the tankard of ale, and the cheese  
fresh brought from the dairy;  
And at the head of the board the great arm-chair  
of the farmer.

Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's door, as  
the sunset

Threw the long shadows of trees o'er the broad  
ambrosial meadows.

Ah! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had  
fallen,

And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celes-  
tial ascended, —

Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness,  
and patience!

Then, all-forgetful of self, she wandered into the  
village,

Cheering with looks and words the disconsolate  
hearts of the women,

As o'er the darkening fields with lingering steps  
they departed,

Urged by their household cares, and the weary feet  
of their children.

Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glim-  
mering vapors

Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet de-  
scending from Sinai.

Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus  
sounded.

Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the church  
Evangeline lingered.

All was silent within; and in vain at the door and  
the windows

Stood she, and listened and looked, until, overcome  
by emotion,

“Gabriel!” cried she aloud with tremulous voice;  
but no answer

Came from the graves of the dead, nor the gloomier  
grave of the living.

Slowly at length she returned to the tenantless  
house of her father.

Smouldered the fire on the hearth, on the board  
stood the supper untasted,

Empty and drear was each room, and haunted with  
phantoms of terror.

Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor of  
her chamber.

In the dead of the night she heard the whispering  
rain fall

Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore-tree  
by the window.

Keenly the lightning flashed; and the voice of  
the echoing thunder

Told her that God was in heaven, and governed  
the world he created!

Then she remembered the tale she had heard of  
the justice of heaven;

Soothed was her troubled soul, and she peacefully  
slumbered till morning.

V.

FOUR times the sun had risen and set; and now  
on the fifth day  
Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of  
the farmhouse.  
Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful  
procession,  
Came from the neighboring hamlets and farms the  
Acadian women,  
Driving in ponderous wains their household goods  
to the seashore,  
Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on  
their dwellings,  
Ere they were shut from sight by the winding  
road and the woodland.  
Close at their sides their children ran, and urged  
on the oxen,



While in their little hands they clasped some fragments of playthings.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried:  
there on the sea-beach  
Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the  
peasants.

All day long between the shore and the ships did  
the boats ply;  
All day long the wains came laboring down from  
the village.

Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to  
his setting,

Echoing far o'er the fields came the roll of drums  
from the churchyard.

Thither the women and children thronged. On  
a sudden the church-doors

Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching  
in gloomy procession

Followed the long-imprisoned but patient Acad-  
dian farmers.

Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their  
homes and their country.

Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are  
weary and way-worn.

So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants  
descended

Down from the church to the shore, and their  
wives and their daughters.

Foremost the young men came: and, raising  
together their voices,

Sang they with tremulous lips a chant of the  
Catholic Missions:—

“Sacred heart of the Saviour! O inexhaustible  
fountain!

Fill our hearts this day with strength and sub-  
mission and patience!”

Then the old men, as they marched, and the  
women that stood by the wayside

Joined in the sacred psalm, and the birds in the  
sunshine above them  
Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of  
spirits departed.

Half-way down to the shore Evangeline waited  
in silence,  
Not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour  
of affliction, —  
Calmly and sadly waited, until the procession  
approached her,  
And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with  
emotion.  
Tears then filled her eyes, and, eagerly running  
to meet him,  
Clasped she his hands, and laid her head on his  
shoulder, and whispered, —  
“Gabriel! be of good cheer! for if we love one  
another,

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Spokane, v. 1, p. 100.

**Figure 1**

1944

Figure 1. Schematic diagram of the experimental setup. The subject is seated in a chair and views the screen through a mirror. The screen displays the target (a red dot) and the starting position (a green dot). The subject's hand is positioned at the starting position. The distance between the starting position and the target is 10 cm. The subject is instructed to move the hand from the starting position to the target. The distance between the starting position and the target is 10 cm. The subject is instructed to move the hand from the starting position to the target. The distance between the starting position and the target is 10 cm.

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Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the confusion

Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too late, saw their children

Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest entreaties.

So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel carried,

While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood with her father.

Half the task was not done when the sun went down, and the twilight

Deepened and darkened around; and in haste the reflux ocean

Fled away from the shore, and left the line of the sand-beach

Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp and the slippery seaweed.

Farther back in the midst of the household goods and the wagons,

Like to a gypsy camp, or a leaguer after a  
battle,

All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels  
near them,

Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian  
farmers.

Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellow-  
ing ocean,

Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles.  
and leaving

Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats of  
the sailors.

Then, as the night descended, the herds returned  
from their pastures ;

Sweet was the moist still air with the odor of  
milk from their udders ;

Lowling they waited, and long, at the well-known  
bars of the farmyard, —

Waited and looked in vain for the voice and  
the hand of the milkmaid.

Silence reigned in the streets; from the church  
no Angelus sounded,  
Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no  
lights from the windows.

But on the shores meanwhile the evening fires  
had been kindled.  
Built of the drift-wood thrown on the sands from  
wrecks in the tempest.  
Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful faces  
were gathered,  
Voices of women were heard, and of men, and  
the crying of children,  
Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to  
hearth in his parish,  
Wandered the faithful priest, consoling and blessing  
and cheering,  
Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's desolate  
seashore.

Thus he approached the place where Evangeline  
sat with her father.

And in the flickering light behind the face of the  
old man,

Haggard and hollow and wan and without other  
thought or emotion.

E'en as the face of a clock from which the  
hands have been taken.

Vainly Evangeline strove with words and gestures  
to cheer him.

Vainly offered him food yet he never ate. He  
looked not. He spoke not.

But, with a vacant stare, eyes fixed on the flick-  
ering fire-light.

"Benedicite!" murmured the priest. A look of  
compassion.

More he said would have said, but his words were  
full, and his accents

Faltered and paused in his lips, as the voice of a  
child on a threshold.



Hushed by the scene he beholds, and the awful  
presence of sorrow.

Silently, therefore, he laid his hand on the head  
of the maiden,

Raising his eyes, full of tears, to the silent stars  
that above them

Moved on their way, unperturbed by the wrongs  
and sorrows of mortals.

Then sat he down at her side, and they wept  
together in silence.

Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in  
autumn the blood-red


Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and  
o'er the horizon

Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon  
mountain and meadow,

Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling huge  
shadows together.

Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs  
of the village,  
Gleamed on the sky and the sea, and the ships  
that lay in the roadstead.  
Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of  
flame were  
Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like  
the quivering hands of a martyr.  
Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the  
burning thatch, and, uplifting,  
Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from  
a hundred house-tops  
Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame  
intermingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the  
shore and on shipboard.  
Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud  
in their anguish,



"We shall behold no more our homes in the  
village of Grand Pré!"

Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in  
the farmyards,

Thinking the day had dawned; and anon the  
lowing of cattle

Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of  
dogs interrupted.

Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the  
sleeping encampments

Far in the western prairies or forests that skirt  
the Nebraska,

When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with  
the speed of the whirlwind,

Or the loud bellowing herds of buffaloes rush to  
the river.

Such was the sound that arose on the night, as the  
herds and the horses

Broke through their folds and fences, and madly  
rushed o'er the meadows.

■ 18 Overwhelmed with the sight, yet speechless, the  
 ■ 19 priest and the maiden  
 ■ 20 Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and  
       widened before them;  
 ■ 21 And as they turned at length to speak to their  
       silent companion,  
 ■ 22 Lo! from his seat he had fallen, and stretched  
       abroad on the seashore  
 ■ 23 Motionless lay his form, from which the soul had  
       departed.  
 ■ 24 Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head, and  
       the maiden  
 ■ 25 Knelt at her father's side, and wailed aloud in her  
       terror.  
 ■ 26 Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with her head  
       on his bosom.  
 ■ 27 Through the long night she lay in deep, oblivious  
       slumber;  
 ■ 28 And when she woke from the trance, she beheld a  
       multitude near her,

Faces of friends she beheld, that were mournfully  
gazing upon her,

Pallid, with tearful eyes, and looks of saddest  
compassion.

Still the blaze of the burning village illumined the  
landscape,

Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed on the  
faces around her,

And like the day of doom it seemed to her waver-  
ing senses.

Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to the  
people, —

“ Let us bury him here by the sea. When a hap-  
pier season

Brings us again to our homes from the unknown  
land of our exile,

Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the  
churchyard.”

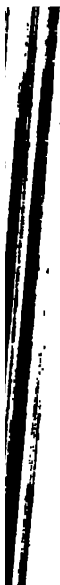
Such were the words of the priest. And there in  
haste by the seaside,

Having the glare of the burning village for funeral  
torches,  
But without bell or book, they buried the farmer  
of Grand Pré.  
And as the voice of the priest repeated the service  
of sorrow,  
Lo! with a mournful sound, like the voice of a  
vast congregation,  
Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar  
with the dirges.  
’T was the returning tide, that afar from the waste  
of the ocean,  
With the first dawn of the day came heaving and  
hurrying landward.  
Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of  
embarking;  
And with the ebb of that tide the ships sailed out  
of the harbor,  
Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and  
the village in ruins



**PART THE SECOND.**





## PART THE SECOND.

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### I.

MANY a weary year had passed since the burning  
of Grand-Pré,  
When on the falling tide the freighted vessels  
departed,  
Bearing a nation, with all its household gods, into  
exile,  
Exile without an end, and without an example in  
story.  
Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians  
landed;  
Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when the  
wind from the north-east  
Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the  
Banks of Newfoundland.

Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from  
city to city,

From the cold lakes of the North to sultry  
Southern savannas, —

From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands  
where the Father of Waters  
Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down  
to the ocean,

Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of  
the mammoth.

Friends they sought and homes; and many, de-  
spairing, heart-broken,

Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a  
friend nor a fireside.

Written their history stands on tablets of stone in  
the churchyards.

Long among them was seen a maiden who waited  
and wandered,

Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering  
all things.

Fair was she and young; but, alas ! before her  
extended,

Dreary and vast and silent, the desert of life, with  
its pathway

Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed  
and suffered before her,

Passions long extinguished, and hopes long dead  
and abandoned,

As the emigrant's way o'er the Western desert is  
marked by

Camp-fires long consumed, and bones that bleach  
in the sunshine.

Something there was in her life incomplete, imper-  
fect, unfinished;

As if a morning of June, with all its music and  
sunshine,

Suddenly paused in the sky, and, fading, slowly  
descended

Into the east again, from whence it late had  
arisen.

Sometimes she lingered in towns, till, urged by the  
fever within her,

Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst  
of the spirit.

She would commence again her endless search and  
endeavor:

Sometimes in churchyards strayed, and gazed on the  
crosses and tombstones,

Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that per-  
haps in its bosom

He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber  
beside him.

Sometimes a rumor, a hearsay, an inarticulate  
whisper,

Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her  
forward.

Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her  
beloved and known him,

But it was long ago, in some far-off place or for-  
gotten.

“Gabriel Lajeunesse!” said they; “O yes! we  
have seen him.

He was with Basil the blacksmith, and both have  
gone to the prairies;

*Coueurs-des-Bois* are they, and famous hunters and  
trappers.”

“Gabriel Lajeunesse!” said others; “O yes! we  
have seen him.

He is a *Voyageur* in the lowlands of Louisi-  
ana.”

Then would they say, — “Dear child! why dream  
and wait for him longer?

Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel?  
others

Who have hearts as tender and true, and spirits  
as loyal?

Here is Baptiste Leblanc, the notary’s son, who  
has loved thee

Many a tedious year; come, give him thy hand  
and be happy!

Someth  
 fer  
 Urged  
 of  
 She w  
 el

Some

Sat

He

Sor

If it enrich not the heart of another, its wait  
 returning  
 Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill  
 them full of refreshment;

Thou art too fair to be  
 crine's track."  
 Then would Evangelist  
 sadly, — "I can not!  
 Whither my heart has gone,

land, and not elsewhere.  
 For when the heart goes before, it  
 illumines the pathway,  
 Many things are made clear, that el  
 in darkness."

And thereupon the priest, her friend a  
 evermore.

Said with a smile, — "O daughter! th  
 thou speakest within thee!

Talk not of wasted affection, affection never  
 wasteth:

If it enrich not the heart of another, its wait  
 returning  
 Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill  
 them full of refreshment;

Which the fountain sends forth returns again  
To the fountain.

He ; accomplish thy labor; accomplish thy  
work of affection !

And silence are strong, and patient endurance  
is godlike.

Before accomplish thy labor of love, till the  
heart is made godlike,

Un-  
ified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered  
more worthy of heaven ! ”

Heeded by the good man's words, Evangeline  
labored and waited.

Still in her heart she heard the funeral dirge of  
the ocean,

But with its sound there was mingled a voice  
that whispered, “ Despair not ! ”

Thus did that poor soul wander in want and  
cheerless discomfort,

Bleeding, barefooted, over the shards and thorns  
of existence.



Let me essay, O Muse! to follow  
footsteps; —

Not through each devious path,  
year of existence;

But as a traveller follows a  
through the valley:

Far from its margin at times  
gleam of its water

Here and there, in some open  
intervals only;

Then drawing nearer its banks,  
glooms that conceal it,

Though he behold it not, he can hear  
its murmur;

Happy, at length, if he find the  
it reaches an outlet.

## II.

It was the month of May. Far down the Beautiful River,  
Past the Ohio shore and past the mouth of the  
Wabash,  
Into the golden stream of the broad and swift  
Mississippi,  
Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed by  
Acadian boatmen.  
It was a band of exiles: a raft, as it were, from  
the shipwrecked  
Nation, scattered along the coast, now floating  
together,  
Bound by the bonds of a common belief and a  
common misfortune;  
Men and women and                   ho, guided by  
hope or by h

Sought for their kith and their kin among the  
few-acred farmers

On the Acadian coast, and the prairies of fair  
Opelousas.

With them Evangeline went, and her guide, the  
Father Felician.

Onward o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness  
sombre with forests,

Day after day they glided adown the turbulent  
river;

Night after night, by their blazing fires. en-  
camped on its borders.

Now through rushing chutes, among green  
islands, where plumelike

Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they  
swept with the current,

Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery  
sand-bars

Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling waves  
of their margin,

Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of  
pelicans waded.

Level the landscape grew, and along the shores  
of the river,

Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuriant  
gardens,

Stood the houses of planters, with negro-cabins  
and dove-cots.

They were approaching the region where reigns  
perpetual summer,

Where through the Golden Coast, and groves of  
orange and citron,

Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to  
the eastward.

They, too, swerved from their course; and, enter-  
ing the Bayou of Plaquemine,

Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious  
waters,

Which, like a network of steel, extended in  
every direction.

Over their heads the towering and tenebrous  
boughs of the cypress

Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid-  
air

Waved like banners that hang on the walls of  
ancient cathedrals.

Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken,  
save by the herons

Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees returning  
at sunset,

Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with  
demoniac laughter.

Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and  
gleamed on the water,

Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar  
sustaining the arches,

Down through whose broken vaults it fell as  
through chinks in a ruin.

Dreamlike, and indistinct, and strange were all  
things around them ;

And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of wonder and sadness, —

Strange forebodings of ill, unseen and that cannot be compassed.

As, at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf of the prairies,

Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrinking mimosa,

So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings of evil,

Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of doom has attained it.

But Evangeline's heart was sustained by a vision, that faintly

Floated before her eyes, and beckoned her on through the moonlight.

It was the thought of her brain that assumed the shape of a phantom.

Through those shadowy aisles had Gabriel wandered before her,

And every stroke of the oar now brought him  
nearer and nearer.

Then, in his place, at the prow of the boat, rose  
one of the oarsmen,  
And, as a signal sound, if others like them perad-  
venture  
Sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams,  
blew a blast on his bugle.  
Wild through the dark colonnades and corridors  
leafy the blast rang,  
Breaking the seal of silence, and giving tongues  
to the forest.  
Soundless above them the banners of moss just  
stirred to the music.  
Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the dis-  
tance,  
Over the watery floor, and beneath the rever-  
berant branches;

But not a voice replied ; no answer came from the  
darkness ;

And when the echoes had ceased, like a sense  
of pain was the silence.

Then Evangeline slept ; but the boatman rowed  
through the midnight,

Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian  
boat-songs,

Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian  
rivers.

And through the night were heard the mysterious  
sounds of the desert,

Far off, indistinct, as of wave or wind in the  
forest,

Mixed with the whoop of the crane and the roar  
of the grim alligator.

Thus ere another noon they emerged from those  
shades ; and before them



*EVANGELINE,*

Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atchafalaya.

Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undulations

Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in beauty, the lotus

Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boatmen.

Faint was the air with the odorous breath of magnolia blossoms,

And with the heat of noon; and numberless sylvan islands,

Fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming hedges of roses,

Near to whose shores they glided along, invited to slumber.

Soon by the fairest of these their weary oars were suspended.

Under the boughs of Wachita willows, that grew by the margin,

Safely their boat was moored; and scattered  
about on the greensward,

Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travel-  
lers slumbered.

Over them vast and high extended the cope of a  
cedar.

Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower  
and the grape-vine

Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of  
Jacob,

On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascending,  
descending,

Were the swift humming-birds that flitted from  
blossom to blossom.

Such was the vision Evangeline saw as she slum-  
bered beneath it.

Filled was her heart with love, and the dawn of  
an opening heaven

Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of regions  
celestial.

Nearer and ever nearer, among the numberless  
islands,

Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er the  
water.

Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of hunters  
and trappers.

Northward its prow was turned, to the land of the  
bison and beaver.

At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thought-  
ful and careworn.

Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow,  
and a sadness

Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly  
written.

Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy  
and restless,

Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and  
of sorrow.

Swiftly they glided along, close under the lee of  
the island,

But by the opposite bank, and behind a screen of  
palmettos,

So that they saw not the boat, where it lay concealed  
in the willows,

And undisturbed by the dash of their oars, and  
unseen, were the sleepers ;

Angel of God was there none to awaken the slumbering  
maiden.

Swiftly they glided away, like the shade of a cloud  
on the prairie.

After the sound of their oars on the tholes had  
died in the distance,

As from a magic trance the sleepers awoke, and the  
maiden

Said with a sigh to the friendly priest, — “ O Father  
Felician !

Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel  
wanders.

Is it a foolish dream, an idle and vague superstition?

Or has an angel passed, and revealed the truth to  
my spirit?"

Then, with a blush, she added, — "Alas for my  
credulous fancy!

Unto ears like thine such words as these have no  
meaning."

But made answer the reverend man, and he smiled  
as he answered, —

"Daughter, thy words are not idle; nor are they  
to me without meaning.

Feeling is deep and still; and the word that floats  
on the surface

Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the  
anchor is hidden.

Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the world  
calls illusions.

Gabriel truly is near thee; for not far away to the  
southward,

On the banks of the Tèche, are the towns of St.  
Maur and St. Martin.

There the long-wandering bride shall be given  
again to her bridegroom,

There the long-absent pastor regain his flock and  
his sheepfold.

Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests  
of fruit-trees ;

Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest  
of heavens

Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls  
of the forest.

They who dwell there have named it the Eden of  
Louisiana."

And with these words of cheer they arose and  
continued their journey.

Softly the evening came. The sun from the  
western horizon

Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er  
the landscape ;

Twinkling vapors arose; and sky and water and  
forest

Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and  
mingled together.

Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges of  
silver,

Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on the  
motionless water.

Filled was Evangeline's heart with inexpressible  
sweetness.

Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountains  
of feeling

Glowed with the light of love, as the skies and  
waters around her.

Then from a neighboring thicket the mocking-  
bird, wildest of singers,

Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er  
the water,

Shook from his little throat such floods of deliri-  
ous music,

That the whole air and the woods and the waves  
seemed silent to listen.

Plaintive at first were the tones and sad ; then  
soaring to madness

Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of fren-  
zied Bacchantes.

Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful, low  
lamentation ;

Till, having gathered them all, he flung them  
abroad in derision,

As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through  
the tree-tops

Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower  
on the branches.

With such a prelude as this, and hearts that  
throbbed with emotion,

Slowly they entered the Tèche, where it flows  
though the green Opelousas,

And through the amber air, above the crest of  
the woodland,



Saw the column of smoke that arose from a neighboring dwelling;—

Sounds of a horn they heard, and the distant lowing of cattle.

## III.

NEAR to the bank of the river, o'ershadowed by  
oaks, from whose branches  
Garlands of Spanish moss and of mystic mistletoe  
flaunted,  
Such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets  
at Yule-tide,  
Stood, secluded and still, the house of the herds-  
man. A garden  
Girded it round about with a belt of luxuriant  
blossoms,  
Filling the air with fragrance. The house itself  
was of timbers  
Hewn from the cypress-tree, and carefully fitted  
together.  
Large and low was the roof; and on slender col-  
umns supported,

*EVANGELINE.*

Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the lordly  
of its master.

Round about him were numberless herds of ki  
that were grazing

Quietly in the meadows, and breathing the vapo  
freshness

That uprose from the river, and spread itself ove  
the landscape.

Slowly lifting the horn that hung at his side, and  
expanding

Fully his broad, deep chest, he blew a blast, that  
resounded

Wildly and sweet and far, through the still damp  
air of the evening.

Suddenly out of the grass the long white horns of  
the cattle

Rose like flakes of foam on the adverse currents  
of ocean.

Silent a moment they gazed, then bellowing rushed  
o'er the prairie,

And the whole mass became a cloud, a shade in the  
distance.

Then, as the herdsman turned to the house, through  
the gate of the garden

Saw he the forms of the priest and the maiden  
advancing to meet him.

Suddenly down from his horse he sprang in amaze-  
ment, and forward

Rushed with extended arms and exclamations of  
wonder ;

When they beheld his face, they recognized Basil  
the Blacksmith.

Hearty his welcome was, as he led his guests to  
the garden.

There in an arbor of roses with endless question  
and answer

Gave they vent to their hearts, and renewed their  
friendly embraces,

Laughing and weeping by turns, or sitting silent  
and thoughtful.

*EVANGELINE,*

Thoughtful, for Gabriel came not;  
doubts and misgivings  
Stole o'er the maiden's heart; and Ba  
embarrassed,  
Broke the silence and said, — "If you  
Atchafalaya,  
How have you nowhere encountered m  
boat on the bayous?"  
Over Evangeline's face at the words of  
shade passed,  
Tears came into her eyes, and she said,  
tremulous accent, —  
"Gone? is Gabriel gone?" and, concealin  
face on his shoulder,  
All her o'erburdened heart gave way, and she  
and lamented.  
Then the good Basil said, — and his voice g  
blithe as he said it, —  
"Be of good cheer, my child; it is only to-day  
departed.

Foolish boy! he has left me alone with my herds  
and my horses.

Moody and restless grown, and tried and troubled,  
his spirit

Could no longer endure the calm of this quiet ex-  
istence.

Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sorrowful  
ever,

Ever silent, or speaking only of thee and his trou-  
bles,

He at length had become so tedious to men and to  
maidens,

Tedious even to me, that at length I bethought me,  
and sent him

Unto the town of Adayes to trade for mules with  
the Spaniards.

Thence he will follow the Indian trails to the  
Ozark Mountains,

Hunting for furs in the forests, on rivers trapping  
the beaver.

Therefore be of good cheer; we will follow the  
fugitive lover;

He is not far on his way, and the Fates and the  
streams are against him.

Up and away to-morrow, and through the red dew  
of the morning

We will follow him fast, and bring him back to his  
prison."

Then glad voices were heard, and up from the  
banks of the river,

Borne aloft on his comrades' arms, came Michael  
the fiddler.

Long under Basil's roof had he lived like a god on  
Olympus,

Having no other care than dispensing music to  
mortals.

Far renowned was he for his silver locks and his  
fiddle.

“Long live Michael,” they cried, “our brave Acadian minstrel!”

As they bore him aloft in triumphal procession;  
and straightway

Father Felician advanced with Evangeline, greeting the old man

Kindly and oft, and recalling the past, while Basil,  
enraptured,

Hailed with hilarious joy his old companions and  
gossips,

Laughing loud and long, and embracing mothers  
and daughters.

Much they marvelled to see the wealth of the  
devant blacksmith,

All his domains and his herds, and his patriarchal  
demeanor;

Much they marvelled to hear his tales of the soil  
and the climate,

And of the prairies, whose numberless herds were  
his who would take them;



Each one thought in his heart, that he, too  
go and do likewise.

Thus they ascended the steps, and, cross  
airy veranda,

Entered the hall of the house, where already  
supper of Basil

Waited his late return; and they rested  
feasted together.

Over the joyous feast the sudden darkness  
descended.

All was silent without, and, illumined the interior  
with silver,

Fair rose the dewy moon and the myriad stars

Poured forth his heart and his wine together in  
endless profusion.

Lighting his pipe, that was filled with sweet Nat-  
chitoches tobacco,

Thus he spake to his guests, who listened, and  
smiled as they listened:—

“Welcome once more, my friends, who so long  
have been friendless and homeless,

Welcome once more to a home, that is better per-  
chance than the old one!

Here no hungry winter congeals our blood like the  
rivers;

Here no stony ground provokes the wrath of the  
farmer.

Smoothly the ploughshare runs through the soil as  
a keel through the water.

All the year round the orange-groves are in blos-  
som; and grass grows

More in a single night than a whole Canadian  
summer.

Here, too, numberless herds run wild and un-  
claimed in the prairies ;

Here, too, lands may be had for the asking, and  
forests of timber

With a few blows of the axe are hewn and framed  
into houses.

After your houses are built, and your fields are  
yellow with harvests,

No King George of England shall drive you away  
from your homesteads,

Burning your dwellings and barns, and stealing  
your farms and your cattle."

Speaking these words, he blew a wrathful cloud  
from his nostrils,

And his huge, brawny hand came thundering down  
on the table,

So that the guests all started ; and Father Feli-  
cian, astounded,

Suddenly paused, with a pinch of snuff half-way  
to his nostrils.

But the brave Basil resumed, and his words were  
milder and gayer:—

“ Only beware of the fever, my friends, beware of  
the fever!

For it is not like that of our cold Acadian cli-  
mate,

Cured by wearing a spider hung round one's neck  
in a nutshell!”

Then there were voices heard at the door, and  
footsteps approaching

Sounded upon the stairs and the floor of the breezy  
veranda.

It was the neighboring Creoles and small Acadian  
planters,

Who had been summoned all to the house of Basil  
the Herdsman.

Merry the meeting was of ancient comrades and  
neighbors:

Friend clasped friend in his arms; and they who  
before were as strangers,

meeting in exile, became straightway as friends to  
each other,  
Drawn by the gentle bond of a common country  
together.  
But in the neighboring hall a strain of music, proceeding  
From the accordant strings of Michael's melodious  
fiddle,  
Broke up all further speech. Away, like children  
delighted,  
All things forgotten beside, they gave themselves  
to the maddening  
Whirl of the dizzy dance, as it swept and swayed  
to the music,  
Dreamlike, with beaming eyes and the rush of  
fluttering garments.

Meanwhile, apart, at the head of the hall, the  
priest and the herdsman

Sat, conversing together of past and present and  
future ;

While Evangeline stood like one entranced, for  
within her

Olden memories rose, and loud in the midst of  
the music

Heard she the sound of the sea, and an irrepress-  
ible sadness

. Came o'er her heart, and unseen she stole forth  
into the garden.

Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall  
of the forest,

Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon.  
On the river

Fell here and there through the branches a tremu-  
lous gleam of the moonlight,

Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and  
devious spirit.

Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers  
of the garden

Poured out their souls in odors, that were their  
prayers and confessions

Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent  
Carthusian.

Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with  
shadows and night-dews,

Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and  
the magical moonlight

Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable long-  
ings,

As, through the garden gate, beneath the brown  
shade of the oak-trees,

Passed she along the path to the edge of the  
measureless prairie.

Silent it lay with a silvery haze upon it, and fire-  
flies

Gleaming and floating away in mingled and infi-  
nite numbers.

Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in  
the heavens,

Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to  
marvel and worship,

Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls  
of that temple,

As if a hand had appeared and written upon  
them, "Upharsin."

And the soul of the maiden, between the stars  
and the fire-flies,

Wandered alone, and she cried, — "O Gabriel!  
O my belovèd!

Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot be-  
hold thee?

Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice does  
not reach me?

Ah! how often thy feet have trod this path to the  
prairie!

Ah! how often thine eyes have looked on the  
woodlands around me!

Ah! how often beneath this oak, returning from  
labor,



Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of me  
in thy slumbers!

When shall these eyes behold, these arms be  
folded about thee?"

Loud and sudden and near the note of a whippoor-  
will sounded

Like a flute in the woods; and anon, through the  
neighboring thickets,

Farther and farther away it floated and dropped  
into silence.

"Patience!" whispered the oaks from oracular  
caverns of darkness;

And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh responded,  
"To-morrow!"

Bright rose the sun next day; and all the flowers  
of the garden

Bathed his shining feet with their tears, and  
anointed his tresses

th the delicious balm that they bore in their  
vases of crystal.

Farewell!" said the priest, as he stood at the  
shadowy threshold;

"See that you bring us the Prodigal Son from his  
fasting and famine,

And, too, the Foolish Virgin, who slept when the  
bridegroom was coming."

"Farewell!" answered the maiden, and, smiling,  
with Basil descended

Down to the river's brink, where the boatmen  
already were waiting.

Thus beginning their journey with morning, and  
sunshine, and gladness,

Swiftly they followed the flight of him who was  
speeding before them,

Blown by the blast of fate like a dead leaf over  
the desert.

Not that day, nor the next, nor yet the day that  
succeeded,

Found they trace of his course, in lake or forest  
or river,

Nor, after many days, had they found him; but  
vague and uncertain

Rumors alone were their guides through a wild  
and desolate country;

Till, at the little inn of the Spanish town of  
Adayes,

Weary and worn, they alighted, and learned from  
the garrulous landlord,

That on the day before, with horses and guides  
and companions,

Gabriel left the village, and took the road of the  
prairies.

## IV.

FAR in the West there lies a desert land, where  
the mountains  
Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and  
luminous summits.  
Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where the  
gorge, like a gateway,  
Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emi-  
grant's wagon,  
Westward the Oregon flows and the Walleway and  
Owyhee.  
Eastward, with devious course, among the Wind-  
river Mountains,  
Through the Sweet-water Valley precipitate leaps  
the Nebraska;  
And to the south. from Fontaine-qui-bout and the  
Spanish Sierras,

Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept by the  
wind of the desert,  
Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, descend  
to the ocean,  
Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and  
solemn vibrations.  
Spreading between these streams are the wondrous,  
beautiful prairies,  
Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and  
sunshine,  
Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple  
amorphas.  
Over them wander the buffalo herds, and the elk  
and the roebuck;  
Over them wander the wolves, and herds of rider-  
less horses;  
Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are  
weary with travel;  
Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ish-  
mael's children,

Staining the desert with blood; and above their  
terrible war-trails

Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the  
vulture,

Like the implacable soul of a chieftain slaugh-  
tered in battle,

By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the  
heavens.

Here and there rise smokes from the camps of  
these savage marauders;

Here and there rise groves from the margins of  
swift-running rivers; .

And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite monk  
of the desert,

Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots by  
the brook-side,

And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline  
heaven,

Like the protecting hand of God inverted above  
them.

.

Into this wonderful land, at the base of the  
Ozark Mountains,  
Gabriel far had entered, with hunters and trappers  
behind him.  
Day after day, with their Indian guides, the  
maiden and Basil  
Followed his flying steps, and thought each day to  
o'ertake him.  
Sometimes they saw, or thought they saw, the  
smoke of his camp-fire  
Rise in the morning air from the distant plain; but  
at nightfall,  
When they had reached the place, they found only  
embers and ashes.  
And, though their hearts were sad at times and  
their bodies were weary,  
Hope still guided them on, as the magic Fate  
Morgana  
Showed them her lakes of light, that retreated  
and vanished before them.

Once, as they sat by their evening fire, there  
silently entered  
Into the little camp an Indian woman, whose  
features  
Wore deep traces of sorrow, and patience as great  
as her sorrow.  
She was a Shawnee woman returning home to her  
people,  
From the far-off hunting-grounds of the cruel  
Camanches,  
Where her Canadian husband, a Coureur-des-Bois,  
had been murdered.  
Touched were their hearts at her story, and warm-  
est and friendliest welcome  
Gave they, with words of cheer, and she sat and  
feasted among them  
On the buffalo-meat and the venison cooked on  
the embers.  
But when their meal was done, and Basil and all  
his companions,



Worn with the long day's march and the chase of  
the deer and the bison,

Stretched themselves on the ground, and slept  
where the quivering firelight

Flashed on their swarthy cheeks, and their forms  
wrapped up in their blankets,

Then at the door of Evangeline's tent she sat and  
repeated

Slowly, with soft, low voice, and the charm of her  
Indian accent,

All the tale of her love, with its pleasures, and  
pains, and reverses.

Much Evangeline wept at the tale, and to know  
that another

Hapless heart like her own had loved and had  
been disappointed.

Moved to the depths of her soul by pity and  
woman's compassion,

Yet in her sorrow pleased that one who had suf-  
fered was near her,

She in turn related her love and all its disasters.

Mute with wonder the Shawnee sat, and when she had ended

Still was mute; but at length, as if a mysterious horror

Passed through her brain, she spake, and repeated the tale of the Mowis;

Mowis, the bridegroom of snow, who won and wedded a maiden,

But, when the morning came, arose and passed from the wigwam,

Fading and melting away and dissolving into the sunshine,

Till she beheld him no more, though she followed far into the forest.

Then, in those sweet, low tones, that seemed like a weird incantation,

Told she the tale of the fair Lilinau, who was wooed by a phantom,

That, through the pines o'er her father's lodge, in  
the hush of the twilight,

Breathed like the evening wind, and whispered  
love to the maiden,

Till she followed his green and waving plume  
through the forest,

And never more returned, nor was seen again by  
her people.

Silent with wonder and strange surprise, Evange-  
line listened

To the soft flow of her magical words, till the  
region around her

Seemed like enchanted ground, and her swarthy  
guest the enchantress.

Slowly over the tops of the Ozark Mountains the  
moon rose,

Lighting the little tent, and with a mysterious  
splendor

Touching the sombre leaves, and embracing and  
the woodland.

With a delicious sound the brook rushed by, and  
the branches

Swayed and sighed overhead in scarcely audible  
whispers.

Filled with the thoughts of love was Evangeline's  
heart, but a secret,

Subtile sense crept in of pain and indefinite ter-  
ror,

As the cold, poisonous snake creeps into the nest  
of the swallow.

It was no earthly fear. A breath from the region  
of spirits

Seemed to float in the air of night; and she felt  
for a moment

That, like the Indian maid, she, too, was pursu-  
ing a phantom.

And with this thought she slept, and the fear and  
the phantom had vanished.

## CHAPTER IV.

And upon the morning the sun  
and the summer  
bore us on their journeyed wings. — On  
the slope of these mountains  
lived in his little village the chief  
of the Mission  
And he welcomed the people and told  
Mary and Joseph:  
And laugh their hearts with joy and weep  
as they hear him.  
Then, with a sudden and secret emotion. E  
geline answered. —

"Let us go to the Mission, for there good tidings  
await us."

Thither they turned their steeds; and behind a  
spur of the mountains,  
Just as the sun went down, they heard a murmur  
of voices,  
And in a meadow green and broad, by the bank  
of a river,

Saw the tents of the Christians, the tents of the  
Jesuit Mission.

Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst of  
the village,

Knelt the Black Robe chief with his children. A  
crucifix fastened

High on the trunk of the tree, and overshadowed  
by grape-vines,

Looked with its agonized face on the multitude  
kneeling beneath it.

This was their rural chapel. Aloft, through the  
intricate arches

Of its ærial roof, arose the chant of their ves-  
pers,

Mingling its notes with the soft susurris and sighs  
of the branches.

Silent, with heads uncovered, the travellers, nearer  
approaching,

Knelt on the swarded floor, and joined in the  
evening devotions

But when the service was done, and the benediction had fallen

Forth from the hands of the priest, like seed from  
the hands of the sower,

Slowly the reverend man advanced to the strangers, and bade them

Welcome; and when they replied, he smiled with  
benignant expression,

Hearing the homelike sounds of his mother-tongue  
in the forest,

And with words of kindness conducted them into  
his wigwam.

There upon mats and skins they reposed, and on  
cakes of the maize-ear

Feasted, and slaked their thirst from the water-  
gourd of the teacher.

Soon was their story told; and the priest with  
solemnity answered:—

“Not six suns have risen and set since Gabriel,  
seated

On this mat by my side, where now the maiden  
reposes,

Told me this same sad tale; then arose and continued his journey!"

Soft was the voice of the priest, and he spake  
with an accent of kindness;

But on Evangeline's heart fell his words as in  
winter the snow-flakes

Fall into some lone nest from which the birds  
have departed.

"Far to the north he has gone," continued the  
priest; "but in autumn,

When the chase is done, will return again to the  
Mission."

Then Evangeline said, and her voice was meek  
and submissive,—

"Let me remain with thee, for my soul is sad  
and afflicted."

So seemed it wise and well unto all; and betimes  
on the morrow,



EVANGELINE,

Mounting his Mexican steed, with his  
guides and companions,  
Homeward Basil returned, and Evangeline st  
at the Mission.

Slowly, slowly, slowly the days succeeded each  
other,—  
Days and weeks and months; and the fields of  
maize that were springing  
Green from the ground when a stranger she came,  
now waving above her,  
Lifted their slender shafts, with leaves interlacing,  
and forming  
Cloisters for mendicant crows and granaries pil-  
laged by squirrels.  
Then in the golden weather the maize was  
husked, and the maidens  
Blushed at each blood-red ear, for that betokened  
a lover,

But at the crooked laughed, and called it a thief  
in the corn-field.

Even the blood-red ear to Evangeline brought not  
her lover.

“Patience!” the priest would say; “have faith,  
and thy prayer will be answered!

Look at this delicate plant that lifts its head from  
the meadow,

See how its leaves all point to the north, as true  
as the magnet;

It is the compass-flower, that the finger of God  
has suspended

Here on its fragile stalk, to direct the traveller’s  
journey

Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the  
desert.

Such in the soul of man is faith. The blossoms of  
passion,

Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and fuller  
of fragrance,

But they beguile us, and lead us astray, and their  
odor is deadly.

Only this humble plant can guide us here, and  
hereafter

Crown us with asphodel flowers, that are wet with  
the dews of nepenthe."

So came the autumn, and passed, and the winter,  
— yet Gabriel came not ;  
Blossomed the opening spring, and the notes of  
the robin and blue-bird  
Sounded sweet upon wold and in wood, yet Ga-  
briel came not.  
But on the breath of the summer winds a rumor  
was wafted  
Sweeter than song of bird, or hue or odor of  
blossom.  
Far to the north and east, it said, in the Michigan  
forests,

Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the Saginaw  
river.

And, with returning guides, that sought the lakes  
of St. Lawrence,

Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline went from the  
Mission.

When over weary ways, by long and perilous  
marches,

She had attained at length the depths of the  
Michigan forests,

Found she the hunter's lodge deserted and fallen  
to ruin!

Thus did the long sad years glide on, and in  
seasons and places

Divers and distant far was seen the wandering  
maiden; —

Now in the tents of grace of the meek Moravian  
Missions,

Now in the noisy camps and the battle-fields of  
the army,

Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and populous  
cities.

Like a phantom she came, and passed away  
unremembered.

Fair was she and young, when in hope began the  
long journey ;

Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it  
ended.

Each succeeding year stole something away from  
her beauty,

Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom  
and the shadow.

Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of  
gray o'er her forehead,

Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her earthly  
horizon,

As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the  
morning.

## V.

IN that delightful land which is washed by the  
Delaware's waters,  
Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the  
apostle,  
Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the  
city he founded.  
'There all the air is balm, and the peach is the  
emblem of beauty,  
And the streets still re-echo the names of the trees  
of the forest,  
As if they fain would appease the Dryads whose  
haunts they molested.  
There from the troubled sea had Evangeline  
landed, an exile,  
Finding among the children of Penn a home and a  
country.

There old René Leblanc had died ; and when he  
departed,  
Saw at his side only one of all his hundred de-  
scendants.  
Something at least there was in the friendly streets  
of the city,  
Something that spake to her heart, and made her  
no longer a stranger ;  
And her ear was pleased with the Thee and Thou  
of the Quakers,  
For it recalled the past, the old Acadian coun-  
try,  
Where all men were equal, and all were brothers  
and sisters.  
So, when the fruitless search, the disappointed  
endeavor,  
Ended, to recommence no more upon earth, un-  
complaining,  
Thither, as leaves to the light, were turned her  
thoughts and her footsteps.

As from a mountain's top the rainy mists of the  
morning  
Roll away, and afar we behold the landscape  
below us,  
Sun-illuminated, with shining rivers and cities and  
hamlets,  
So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw the  
world far below her,  
Dark, no longer, but all illumined with love; and  
the pathway  
Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth and  
fair in the distance.  
Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart was  
his image,  
Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last  
she beheld him,  
Only more beautiful made by his deathlike si-  
lence and absence.  
Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for it  
was not.



Over him years had no power; he was not  
changed, but transfigured;

He had become to her heart as one who is dead,  
and not absent;

Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to  
others,

This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had  
taught her.

So was her love diffused, but, like to some odorous  
spices,

Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the air  
with aroma.

Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to  
follow

Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of  
her Saviour.

Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy;  
frequenting

Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes  
of the city,

Where distress and want concealed themselves  
from the sunlight,

Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished  
neglected.

Night after night, when the world was asleep, as  
the watchman repeated

Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was well  
in the city,

High at some lonely window he saw the light of  
her taper.

Day after day, in the gray of the dawn, as slow  
through the suburbs

Plodded the German farmer, with flowers and  
fruits for the market,

Met he that meek, pale face, returning home from  
its watchings.

Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell on  
the city,

Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by flocks  
of wild pigeons,

Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught in  
their craws but an acorn.

And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month of  
September,

Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads to a  
lake in the meadow,

So death flooded life, and, o'erflowing its natural  
margin,

Spread to a brackish lake, the silver stream of  
existence.

Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to  
charm, the oppressor;

But all perished alike beneath the scourge of his  
anger; —

Only, alas! the poor, who had neither friends nor  
attendants,

Crept away to die in the almshouse, home of the  
homeless.

Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of  
meadows and woodlands; —

Now the city surrounds it; but still, with its gate-  
way and wicket

Meek, in the midst of splendor, its humble walls  
seem to echo

Softly the words of the Lord: — “The poor ye  
always have with you.”

Thither, by night and by day, came the Sister of  
Mercy. The dying

Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to  
behold there

Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead  
with splendor,

Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints  
and apostles,

Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen at a  
distance.

Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city  
celestial,

Into whose shining gates ere long their spirits  
would enter.

Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets,  
deserted and silent,  
Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of  
the almshouse.

Sweet on the summer air was the odor of flowers  
in the garden;  
And she paused on her way to gather the fairest  
among them,

That the dying once more might rejoice in their  
fragrance and beauty.

Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors,  
cooled by the east wind,

Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from  
the belfry of Christ Church,

While, intermingled with these, across the mead-  
ows were wafted

Sounds of psalms, that were sung by the Swedes  
in their church at Wicaco.

Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour  
on her spirit ;

Something within her said, — “ At length thy  
trials are ended ” ;

And, with light in her looks, she entered the  
chambers of sickness.

Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful  
attendants,

Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching brow,  
and in silence

Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and con-  
cealing their faces,

Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of  
snow by the roadside.

Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline  
entered,

Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she  
passed, for her presence

Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the  
walls of a prison.

And, as she looked around, she saw how Death,  
the consoler,

Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed  
it forever.

Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night-  
time;

Vacant their places were, or filled already by  
strangers.

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of  
wonder,

Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart, while  
a shudder

Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flow-  
rets dropped from her fingers,

And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom  
of the morning.

Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such  
terrible anguish,

That the dying heard it, and started up from  
their pillows.

On the pallet before her was stretched the form of  
an old man.

Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that  
shaded his temples;

But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for  
a moment

Seemed to assume once more the forms of its  
earlier manhood;

So are wont to be changed the faces of those who  
are dying.

Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of  
the fever,

As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had be-  
sprinkled its portals,

That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and  
pass over.



Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit  
exhausted

Seemed to be sinking down through infinite  
depths in the darkness,

Darkness of slumber and death, forever sinking  
and sinking.

Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied  
reverberations,

Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush  
that succeeded

Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and  
saint-like,

“Gabriel! O my beloved!” and died away into  
silence.

Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home  
of his childhood;

Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among  
them,

Village, and mountain, and woodlands; and, walk-  
ing under their shadow,

As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in  
his vision.

Tears came into his eyes; and as slowly he lifted  
his eyelids,

Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt  
by his bedside.

Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the  
accents unuttered

Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what  
his tongue would have spoken.

Vainly he strove to rise; and Evangeline, kneel-  
ing beside him,

Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her  
bosom.

Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly  
sank into darkness,

As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at  
a casement.

All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and  
the sorrow,  
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied  
longing,  
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of  
patience !  
And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to  
her bosom,  
Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured,  
“ Father, I thank thee ! ”

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STILL stands the forest primeval; but far away  
from its shadow,  
Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers  
are sleeping.  
Under the humble walls of the little Catholic  
churchyard,  
In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and  
unnoticed.

Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside  
them,

Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are  
at rest and forever,

Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer  
are busy,

Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have  
ceased from their labors,

Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have com-  
pleted their journey!

Still stands the forest primeval; but under the  
shade of its branches

Dwells another race, with other customs and lan-  
guage.

Only along the shore of the mournful and misty  
Atlantic

Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from  
exile

Wandered back to their native land to die in its  
bosom.


In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are  
still busy;

Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their  
kirtles of homespun,

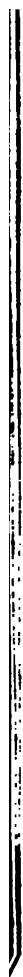
And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's  
story,

While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced,  
neighboring ocean

Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the  
wail of the forest.



## NOTES.



## NOTES.

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THE following detail of the facts on which the general incidents of the Poem of *EVANGELINE* are founded, is derived from Haliburton's History of Nova Scotia.

By the Treaty of Utrecht the Province of Acadia, or Nova Scotia, was ceded by the French to the English Government. Nearly half a century, however, was suffered to elapse before any progress was made towards a regular settlement of the colony. In the year 1749 a large body of emigrants, aided by a grant from the Crown, arrived in the colony, and immediately steps were taken by them to clear the ground, and lay the foundation of the town of Halifax. The French settlers, who had been located in the province for many years, looked with jealousy on these proceedings, and parties of Indians, headed by French commanders, were engaged to harass the new comers. This state of things continued for some years, but in the meantime the territorial rights of both nations were more distinctly defined, and the Acadians took an oath of fidelity to the British Government; with a reservation, however, that they



were not to be called upon to bear arms. Hostilities again commencing between the French and English, Governor Cornwallis, by the advice of his council, issued a proclamation, ordering all the French inhabitants of the English colony to appear within three months, and take the oath of allegiance in the same unreserved and unqualified manner as British subjects; and he held out promises to those who should think proper to accept the same, and who would also engage to obey all future orders of the Government, and render assistance to English settlers, that he would confirm them in the peaceable possession of all their cultivated lands, and in the enjoyment of their religion. He forbade, however, the exportation of corn, cattle, and provisions, to foreign settlements.

Pursuant to the proclamation, deputies arrived at Halifax from several of the French settlements, and were informed by the Governor that the oath of fidelity, formerly accepted of them, would no longer be received as a satisfactory guarantee for their good conduct; that no exemption from bearing arms in time of war could be allowed; that his Majesty would permit none to possess lands whose allegiance and assistance could not be depended upon; and that commissioners would be sent to the country to tender them the oath expressed in the same form as that used by English subjects. To this they replied, that if they should undertake to aid the English in

suppressing the Indians, the savages would pursue them with unrelenting hostility; that neither they nor their property would be secure from their vengeance; and that to bear arms against their countrymen was a condition repugnant to the feelings of human nature: they, therefore, requested to be informed, if they chose the alternative of quitting the country, whether they would be permitted to sell their lands and personal effects. They were told in reply, that, by the Treaty of Utrecht, one year was allowed to them for disposing of their property, which period having elapsed, they could now neither part with their effects nor remove from the province. Upon hearing this determination, which required unconditional allegiance, or reduced them to the most abject poverty, they solicited leave to consult the Governors of Canada or Cape Breton as to the course they ought to adopt in this trying emergency, but were instantly threatened with the confiscation of their real estate and effects if they presumed to leave the province until they had first taken the oaths of allegiance.

No immediate steps, however, were taken to carry out this threat, and the English settlers still continued to suffer great annoyance from the predatory attacks of the Indians, who were aided in their excursions by the French colonists. This state of things lasted for some time, until at length the English troops met with a series of reverses, when it was

ally determined by the Government authorities to effect a dislodgment of the Acadians from their settlements, and to disperse the entire French population of the province among the British colonies, where they could not unite in any offensive measures, and where they might be naturalized to the Government and country.

The execution of this unusual and general sentence was allotted chiefly to the New England forces, the commander of which, from the humanity and firmness of his character, was well qualified to carry it into effect. It was without doubt, as he himself declared, disagreeable to his natural make and temper, and his principles of implicit obedience as a soldier were put to a severe test by this ungrateful kind of duty, which required an ungenerous, cunning, and subtle severity, calculated to render the Acadians subservient to the English interests to the latest hour. They were kept entirely ignorant of their destiny, until the moment of their captivity; and were overawed, or allured, to labor at the gathering in of their harvest, which was secretly allotted to the use of their conquerors.

The orders from Lieutenant-Governor Laurence to Captain Murray, who was first on the station, with a plagiarism of the language, without the spirit of Scripture, directed that, if these people behaved amiss, they should be punished at his discretion; and, if any attempts were made to destroy or molest

the troops, he should take an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth; and, in short, life for life, from the nearest neighbor where the mischief should be performed.

To hunt these people into captivity was a measure as impracticable as cruel; and, as it was not to be supposed they would voluntarily surrender themselves as prisoners, their subjugation became a matter of great difficulty. At a consultation held between Colonel Winslow and Captain Murray, it was agreed that a proclamation should be issued at the different settlements, requiring the attendance of the people at the respective ports on the same day; which proclamation should be so ambiguous in its nature, that the object for which they were to assemble could not be discerned; and so peremptory in its terms as to ensure implicit obedience. This instrument having been drafted and approved, was distributed according to the original plan. That which was addressed to the people inhabiting the country now comprised within the limits of King's County, was as follows: —

“TO THE INHABITANTS OF THE DISTRICT OF  
GRAND PRÉ, MINAS, RIVER CANARD, &c., AS  
WELL ANCIENT AS YOUNG MEN AND LADS.

“Whereas his Excellency the Governor has instructed us of his late resolution respecting the matter proposed to the inhabitants, and has ordered us

to communicate the same in person, his Excellency being desirous that each of them should be fully satisfied of his Majesty's intentions, which he has also ordered us to communicate to you, such as they have been given to him; we therefore order and strictly enjoin, by these presents, all of the inhabitants, as well of the above-named district as of all the other districts, both old men and young men, as well as all the lads of ten years of age, to attend at the church at Grand Pré, on Friday, the fifth instant, at three of the clock in the afternoon, that we may impart to them what we are ordered to communicate to them; declaring that no excuse will be admitted on any pretence whatever, on pain of forfeiting goods and chattels, in default of real estate.

“Given at Grand Pré, 2nd September, 1755, and 29th year of his Majesty's reign.

“JOHN WINSLOW.”

In obedience to this summons, four hundred and eighteen able-bodied men assembled. These being shut into the church (for that, too, had become an arsenal), Colonel Winslow placed himself with his officers in the centre, and addressed them thus:

“Gentlemen, — I have received from his Excellency Governor Laurence the King's commission, which I have in my hand; and by his orders you are convened together to manifest to you his Majesty's final resolution to the French inhabitants of this his

province of Nova Scotia, who, for almost half a century, have had more indulgence granted them than any of his subjects in any part of his dominions; what use you have made of it, you yourselves best know. The part of duty I am now upon, though necessary, is very disagreeable to my natural make and temper, as I know it must be grievous to you who are of the same species; but it is not my business to animadvert, but to obey such orders as I receive, and, therefore, without hesitation shall deliver you his Majesty's orders and instructions, namely, that your lands and tenements, cattle of all kinds, and live stock of all sorts, are forfeited to the Crown, with all other your effects, saving your money and household goods, and you yourselves to be removed from this his province.

“ Thus it is peremptorily his Majesty's orders that the whole French inhabitants of these districts be removed; and I am, through his Majesty's goodness, directed to allow you liberty to carry off your money and household goods, as many as you can, without discommoding the vessels you go in. I shall do everything in my power that all those goods be secured to you, and that you are not molested in carrying them off; also that whole families shall go in the same vessel, and make this remove, which I am sensible must give you a great deal of trouble, as easy as his Majesty's service will admit; and hope that, in whatever part of the world you may fall, you

may be faithful subjects, a peaceful and happy people. I must also inform you, that it is his Majesty's pleasure that you remain in security, under the inspection and direction of the troops that I have the honor to command." And he then declared them the King's prisoners.

The whole number of persons collected at Grand Pré finally amounted to four hundred and eighty-three men, and three hundred and thirty-seven women, heads of families; and their sons and daughters to five hundred and twenty-seven of the former, and five hundred and twenty-six of the latter; making, in the whole, one thousand nine hundred and twenty-three souls. Their stock consisted of one thousand two hundred and sixty-nine oxen, one thousand five hundred and fifty-seven cows, five thousand and seven young cattle, four hundred and ninety-three horses, eight thousand six hundred and ninety sheep, and four thousand one hundred and ninety-seven hogs. As some of these wretched inhabitants escaped to the woods, all possible measures were adopted to force them back to captivity. The country was laid waste to prevent their subsistence. In the district of Minas alone there were destroyed two hundred and fifty-five houses, two hundred and seventy-six barns, one hundred and fifty-five out-houses, eleven mills, and one church; and the friends of those who refused to surrender were threatened as the victims of their obstinacy.

In short, so operative were the terrors that surrounded them, that of twenty-four young men, deserted from a transport, twenty-two were glad to return of themselves, the others being shot by sentinels; and one of their friends, who was supposed to have been accessory to their escape, was carried on shore to behold the destruction of his house and effects, which were burned in his presence as a punishment for his temerity and perfidious aid to his comrades. The prisoners expressed the greatest concern at having incurred his Majesty's displeasure, and in petition, addressed to Colonel Winslow, entreated him to detain a part of them as sureties for the appearance of the rest, who were desirous of visiting their families and consoling them in their distress and misfortunes.

To comply with this request of holding a few as hostages for the surrender of the whole body, was deemed inconsistent with his instructions; but, as there could be no objection to allow a small number of them to return to their homes, permission was given to them to choose ten for the district of Minas (Horton), and ten for the district of Canard (Cornwallis), to whom leave of absence was given for one day; and on whose return a similar number were indulged in the same manner. They bore their confinement and received their sentence with a fortitude and resignation altogether unexpected; but when the hour of embarkation arrived, in which they were



to leave the land of their nativity for ever — to part with their friends and relatives, without the hope of ever seeing them again, and to be dispersed among strangers whose language, customs, and religion were opposed to their own — the weakness of human nature prevailed, and they were overpowered with the sense of their miseries. The preparations having been all completed, the 10th of September was fixed upon as the day of departure. The prisoners were drawn up six deep, and the young men, one hundred and sixty-one in number, were ordered to go first on board the vessels. This they instantly and peremptorily refused to do, declaring they would not leave their parents; but expressed a willingness to comply with the order, provided they were permitted to embark with their families. This request was immediately rejected, and the troops were ordered to fix bayonets and advance toward the prisoners, a motion which had the effect of producing obedience on the part of the young men, who forthwith commenced their march. The road from the chapel to the shore, just one mile in length, was crowded with women and children, who on their knees greeted them as they passed with their tears and their blessings; while the prisoners advanced with slow and reluctant steps, weeping, praying, and singing hymns. This detachment was followed by the seniors, who passed through the same scene of sorrow and distress. In this manner was the whole

part of the male population of the district of Minas put on board the five transports stationed in the river Gaspereau; each vessel being guarded by six non-commissioned officers, and eighty privates. As soon as the other vessels arrived, their wives and children followed, and the whole were transported from Nova Scotia.

The haste with which these measures were carried into execution did not admit of those preparations for their comfort which, if unmerited by their disloyalty, were at least due in pity to the severity of their punishment. The hurry, confusion, and excitement connected with the embarkation had scarcely subsided, when the provincials were appalled at the work of their own hands. The novelty and peculiarity of their situation could not but force itself upon the attention of even the unreflecting soldiery. Stationed in the midst of a beautiful and fertile country, they suddenly found themselves without a foe to subdue, and without a population to protect. The volumes of smoke which the half-expiring embers emitted, while they marked the site of the peasant's humble cottage, bore testimony to the extent of the work of destruction. For several successive evenings the cattle assembled round the smouldering ruins, as if in anxious expectation of the return of their masters; while all night long the faithful watchdogs of the neutrals howled over the scene of deso-

lation, and mourned alike the hand that had fed and the house that had sheltered them.

At Annapolis and Cumberland the proclamation was disobeyed by the French, in consequence of an apprehension that they were to be imprisoned or sent captives to Halifax. At the former place, when the ships arrived to convey them from their country, a party of soldiers was despatched up the river to bring them in by force; but they found the houses deserted, and learned that the people had fled to the woods, carrying with them their wives and children. Hunger, fatigue, and distress finally compelled many of them to return and surrender themselves as prisoners, while some retired to the depths of the forest, where they encamped with the Indians, and others wandered through the woods to Chiegnecto, from whence they escaped to Canada. In Cumberland it was found necessary to resort to the most severe measures, and the country presented for several days a dreadful scene of conflagration. Two hundred and fifty-three houses were on fire at one time, in which a great quantity of wheat and flax were consumed. The miserable inhabitants beheld, from the adjoining woods, the destruction of their buildings and household goods with horror and dismay; nor did they venture to offer any resistance, until the wanton attempt was made to burn their chapel. This they considered as adding insult to injury, and rushing upon the party, who were too intent upon

execution of their orders to observe the necessary precautions to prevent a surprise, they killed and wounded twenty-nine rank and file, and then retreated again to the cover of the forest. As the different Acadian settlements were too widely dispersed to admit of the plan of subjugation being carried into effect at once, and as it had but partially succeeded at two of the most populous districts, only seven thousand of the inhabitants were collected at this time, and dispersed among the several British colonies. One thousand arrived in Massachusetts Bay, and became a public expense, owing, in a great degree, to an unchangeable antipathy to their situation; which prompted them to reject the usual beneficiary but humiliating establishment of paupers for their children. They landed in a most deplorable condition at Philadelphia. The government of the colony, to relieve itself of the charge such a company of miserable wretches would require to maintain them, proposed to sell them, with their own consent; but when this expedient for their support was offered for their consideration, the neutrals refused it with indignation, alleging that they were prisoners, and expected to be maintained as such, and not forced to labor. But, notwithstanding the severity of the treatment the Acadians had experienced, they sighed in exile to revisit their native land. That portion of them which had been sent to Georgia actually set out on their return, and by a circuitous, hazardous,

and laborious coasting voyage, had reached New York, and even Boston, when they were met by orders from Governor Laurence, for their detention, and were compelled to relinquish their design. The others, denying the charges which had been made against them, petitioned his Majesty for a legal hearing.

This petition, which Haliburton gives at full length, sets forth, that by an agreement made between the British commanders in Nova Scotia and the forefathers of the petitioners, about the year 1713, the latter were to be permitted to remain in possession of their lands under an oath of fidelity to the British Government, with an exemption from bearing arms against either French or Indians, and with the allowance of the free exercise of their religion. Seventeen years later this agreement was renewed on the part of the British authorities by the Governor of New England; and again, after the expiration of another seventeen years, in a declaration which the same Governor addressed to the Acadians, in answer to a report at that time current, which stated it to be the intention of the British Government to remove the French inhabitants of Nova Scotia from their settlements in that province. This declaration was further confirmed by a letter written in the same year by the chief commander in Nova Scotia to the Acadian deputies; an extract from which was given by the Acadians in their petition.

After stating the difficulties in which they found themselves placed by the frequent incursions made by the French through that portion of the province inhabited by the Acadian population, for the purpose of annoying the English, who were at that time engaged in fortifying and settling Halifax, the petitioners proceed to reply to what appears to have been the main charges made against them, and on the presumed truth of which their forcible removal from the province took place. The justification they plead is as follows:—

“We were likewise obliged to comply with the demand of the enemy, made for the provision, cattle, etc., upon pain of military execution, which we had reason to believe the Government was made sensible was not an act of choice on our part, but of necessity, as those in authority appeared to take in good part the representations we always made to them after anything of that nature had happened.

“Notwithstanding the many difficulties we thus labored under, yet we dare appeal to the several Governors, both at Halifax and Annapolis-Royal, for testimonies of our being always ready and willing to obey their orders, and give all the assistance in our power, either in furnishing provisions and materials, or making roads, building forts, etc., agreeable to your Majesty's orders and our oath of fidelity, whensoever called upon, or required thereunto.



"It was also our constant care to give notice to your Majesty's commanders of the danger they have been from time to time exposed to by the enemy's troops; and had the intelligence we gave been always attended to, many lives might have been spared, particularly in the unhappy affair which befell Major Noble and his brother at Grand Pré, when they, with great numbers of their men, were cut off by the enemy, notwithstanding the frequent advices we had given them of the danger they were in; and yet we have been very unjustly accused as parties in that massacre.

"And although we have been thus anxiously concerned to manifest our fidelity in these several respects, yet it has been falsely insinuated that it had been our general practice to abet and support your Majesty's enemies; but we trust that your Majesty will not suffer suspicions and accusations to be received as proofs sufficient to reduce some thousands of innocent people, from the most happy situation to a state of the greatest distress and misery! No, this was far from our thoughts; we esteemed our situation so happy as by no means to desire a change. We have always desired, and again desire, that we may be permitted to answer our accusers in a judicial way. In the meantime permit us, Sir, here solemnly to declare that these accusations are utterly false and groundless so far as they concern us as a collective body of people. It hath been always

our desire to live as our fathers have done, as faithful subjects under your Majesty's royal protection, with an unfeigned resolution to maintain our oath of fidelity to the utmost of our power. Yet it cannot be expected, but that amongst us, as well as amongst other people, there have been some weak and false-hearted persons, susceptible of being bribed by the enemy so as to break the oath of fidelity. Twelve of these were outlawed in Governor Shirley's proclamation before mentioned; but it will be found that the number of such false-hearted men amongst us was very few, considering our situation, the number of inhabitants, and how we stood circumstanced in several respects, and it may be easily made appear that it was the constant care of our deputies to prevent and put a stop to such wicked conduct, when it came to their knowledge."

This memorial had not the effect of procuring them redress, and they were left to undergo their punishment in exile, and to mingle with the population among whom they were distributed, with the hope that in time their language, predilections, and even the recollection of their origin, would be lost amidst the mass of English people with whom they were incorporated. Such was the fate of these unfortunate and deluded people. Upon an impartial review of the transactions of this period, it must be admitted, that the transportation of the Acadians to distant colonies, with all the marks of ignomy and guilt





attended to, many lives particularly in the unhappy Noble and his brother ; with great numbers of the enemy, notwithstanding t given them of the danger have been very unjustly massacre.

“ And although we b concerned to manifest o respects, yet it has been been our general practi Majesty's enemies ; bu will not suffer suspicio ceived as proofs suffici of innocent people, f to a state of the gree this was far from c situation so happy a We have always we may be perm a judicial way. here solemnly to utterly false and as a collective b

peculiar to convicts, was cruel; and although such a conclusion could not then be drawn, yet subsequent events have disclosed that their expulsion was unnecessary. It seems totally irreconcilable with the idea, as at this day entertained of justice, that those who are not involved in the guilt shall participate in the punishment; or that a whole community shall suffer for the misconduct of a part. It is, doubtless, a stain on the Provincial Councils, and we shall not attempt to justify that which all good men have agreed to condemn. But we must not lose sight of the offence in pity for the culprits, nor, in the indulgence of our indignation, forget that although nothing can be offered in defence, much may be produced in palliation of this transaction. Had the milder sentence of unrestricted exile been passed upon them, it was obvious that it would have had the effect of recruiting the strength of Canada, and that they would naturally have engaged in those attempts which the French were constantly making for the recovery of the province.

Three hundred of them had been found in arms at one time; and no doubt existed of others having advised and assisted the Indians in those numerous acts of hostility, which, at that time, totally interrupted the settlement of the country. When all were thus suspected of being disaffected, and many were detected in open rebellion, what confidence could be placed in their future loyalty?

It was also deemed impracticable, in those days of religious rancor, for the English colonists to mingle in the same community with Frenchmen and Catholics. Those persons who are acquainted with the early history of the neighboring colonies of New England, will easily perceive of what magnitude this objection must have appeared at that period. Amidst all these difficulties, surrounded by a vigilant and powerful enemy, and burdened with a population whose attachment was more than doubtful, what course could the Governor adopt, which, while it ensured the tranquillity of the colony, should temper justice with mercy to those misguided people? With the knowledge we now possess of the issue of a contest which was then extremely uncertain, it might not be difficult to point to the measures which should have been adopted; but we must admit, that the choice was attended with circumstances of peculiar embarrassment. If the Acadians, therefore, had to lament that they were condemned unheard, that their accusers were also their judges, and that their sentence was disproportioned to their offence; they had also much reason to attribute their misfortunes to the intrigues of their countrymen in Canada, who seduced them from their allegiance to a government which was disposed to extend to them its protection and regard, and instigated them to a rebellion which it was easy to foresee would end in their ruin.

*Vast meadows stretched to the eastward,  
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks  
without number.*

*Dikes that the hands of the farmer had raised with  
labor incessant,*

*Shut out the turbulent tides. — PAGE 4.*

“Hunting and fishing gave way to agriculture, which had been established in the marshes and lowlands, by repelling, with dikes, the sea and rivers which covered these plains. At the same time these immense meadows were covered with numerous flocks.” — *Haliburton*.

*But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts  
of the owners;*

*There the richest were poor, and the poorest lived in  
abundance. — PAGE 7.*

“Real misery was wholly unknown, and benevolence anticipated the demands of poverty. Every misfortune was relieved, as it were, before it could be felt, without ostentation on the one hand, and without meanness on the other. It was, in short, a society of brethren.” — *Abbé Reynal*.

*Built are the house and the barn. The merry lads of  
the village*

*Strongly have built them and well; and breaking the  
glebe round about them,  
Filled the barn with hay, and the house with food for  
a twelvemonth. — PAGE 29.*

“As soon as a young man arrived at the proper age, the community built him a house, broke up the land about it, and supplied him with all the necessities of life for a twelvemonth. There he received the partner whom he had chosen, and who brought him her portion in flocks.” — *Abbé Reynal*.

*Four long years in the times of the war had he languished a captive,  
Suffering much in an old French fort as the friend  
of the English. — PAGE 30.*

“René Leblanc (our public notary) was taken prisoner by the Indians when actually travelling in your Majesty's service, his house pillaged, and himself carried to the French fort, from whence he did not recover his liberty, but with gréat difficulty, after four years' captivity.” — *Petition of the Acadians to the King*.

*In the confusion,  
Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers,  
too late, saw their children  
Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest  
entreaties. — PAGE 62.*

"Parents were separated from children, and husbands from wives, some of whom have not to this day met again; and we were so crowded in the transport vessels, that we had not room even for all our bodies to lay down at once, and, consequently, were prevented from carrying with us proper necessities, especially for the support and comfort of the aged and weak, many of whom quickly ended their misery with their lives." — *Petition of the Acadians to the King.*

*Many, despairing, heart-broken,  
Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a  
friend nor a fireside.  
Written their history stands on tablets of stone in the  
churchyards. — PAGE 80.*

"We have already seen, in this province of Pennsylvania, two hundred and fifty of our people, which is more than half the number that were landed here, perish through misery and various diseases." — *Petition of the Acadians to the King.*

*There old René Leblanc had died; and when he de-  
parted,  
Saw at his side only one of his hundred descendants.  
— PAGE 142.*

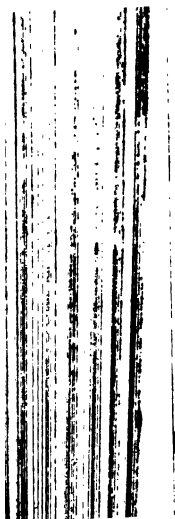
"René Leblanc, the notary-public before mentioned, was seized, confined, and brought away among

the rest of the people, and his family, consisting of twenty children and about one hundred and fifty grandchildren, were scattered in different colonies, so that he was put on shore at New York, with only his wife and youngest children, in an infirm state of health, from whence he joined three more of his children at Philadelphia, where he died without any more notice being taken of him than any of us, notwithstanding his many years' labor and deep sufferings for your Majesty's service." — *Petition of the Acadians to the King.*













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